THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ROSALIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MINNIE MAY.

"This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

We stood within the garden, where the early violets grew,
You were all the world to me—I all the world to you.

The early morning sunshine played on your lovely hair,
And of all the girls around me there was not one so fair.

Bright was the summer morning, but brighter far your eyes;
They rivalled all, Rosalia! o'en famed Italia's skies!

Your brow, oh, sweet Rosalia, was white as drifted snow,
And the golden hair above it kept waving to and fro.

I clipped a tress, Rosalia, and hid it close away,
For I knew that miles and miles would sever us that day.

* * * * *

I crossed the ocean's billows, and when I came again,
You were dead, Rosalia! oh, blind that I had been.

* * * * *

I am coming, oh, I'm coming! I near the other shore,
I see you waiting, darling, just inside the great white door;
Oh! stretch your hand a little, and smooth my burning brow,
The last of earth is fading—I'll soon be with you now.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

Offscourings of the war—a mutinous crew—
They roam the woods at will, and know no law
Save their own wicked pleasure.

"Stir not a step, for your lives!"

Such was the rude command which came from one of four men, dressed in torn and faded British uniforms, who stood with muskets in their hands, not more than thirty or forty yards in a direct air line from them.

Our party were grouped, as we have said, on the top of the rock. They were overshadowed by huge hemlocks, but perfectly exposed to view, as there were no low branches. Behind them, on the brow of a lofty precipice, formed by the jutting out of a narrow ridge from the higher portion of the hill, and about fifty feet above their level, stood the deserters—one of them wearing the chevrons of a corporal. Between the two parties was a deep chasm or ravine—but the muskets of the deserters commanded the entire position.

André took in the aspect of affairs at a glance with a soldier's eye. Stepping back on the rock, a little out of the roar of the waterfall, he cried sternly—

"What mean you?"

What the reply would have been, we know not, for at that instant Helen placed her whistle to her lips, and blew a shrill and prolonged note, which pierced through every nook and cranny of the ravine.

With a volley of fearful oaths, the deserters raised their muskets to their shoulders, and one of them, a vile-looking wretch, fired. André had sprung in an instant in front of Helen; but if the villain's left foot had not slipped on the dry leaves, as he threw it out when taking aim, Helen probably would have paid for her daring with her life. As it was, the ball whistled just over her head.

"How dare you fire without orders," cried the leader of the deserters—"do you mean to bring the riflemen on us?"

"They are fur enough away," angrily responded the ruffian; "they are down below the Falls by this time."

"Then, what harm could that silly whistle do us? But," raising his voice, "if you try that again, my lassie, the next bullet will be surer aimed."

"What do you mean by this ruffian-like conduct?" exclaimed Pemberton. "If you fire another shot, I'll have you all hung for it."

"Aye, aye, I suppose you will," replied the deserter. "But you must first catch your hare before you skin him—mustn't he, boys?"

His comrades laughed recklessly and defiantly. "Ask Captain Andry what he's done with his red coat," said one of them. "Has he gone over to the rebs?"

"Don t get off that rock!" exclaimed their leader, savagely, and levelling his musket again, as Isabella, her eyes flashing, made a movement as if designing to leave their perilous position.

"Do you want money?" cried Pemberton.

"Aye! money, and watches, and rings—everything! We'll send a man down to search you."

"We will not submit to be searched," exclaimed both the young men in a breath.

"You cannot help yourselves."

"We cannot?—come on and see!" cried André, putting his hand in his breast pocket.

The deserters talked together in low tones for a few moments. They could kill them all from that distance; but, if they did, they would be hunted down themselves like wolves. To attempt to overpower the young men in a close struggle would be attended with danger, for they might have daggers or pistols. At last their leader, the corporal, again spoke in a loud voice.

"Put down your purses, your watches and your rings on the top of the rock; and then go, and be d—d to you."

"You will not molest us further?" cried Pemberton.

"No—curse you."

"What security have we for that?" asked André.

"The only security you can have, the honor of a British soldier," scoffed the leader.

"In the sacred name of God, and of the Virgin Mother?" continued André; adding, in a low voice to Pemberton, "I know that man; he was the only English Roman Catholic in our regiment."

"In the name of God and the holy Virgin Mother!" repeated the man, lifting his hat, while one of the others imitated his example. "But hurry with you—we're not going to stay here all day."

The young men took out their gold watches—worn more unfrequently at that time than now, even silver ones being not very common—and laid them with their purses on the moss-covered portion of the rock.

"Now for the ladies;—come, hurry!" cried the deserter.

Helen threw down her purse disdainfully; Isabella calmly placed hers with the rest. They did not seem very heavy; but ladies' purses are expected to be lighter than gentlemen's—besides, they had both taken the precaution of undoing their clasps, and emptying them as far as possible, before taking them out of their pockets. Each laid down a ring or two also—none showing afterwards on either fair hand.

"Stay," cried the head deserter as they were about leaving the rock. "Captain, I think you have a small gold case, with a picture inside it, on a blue ribbon around your neck."

"Sneak and spy!" cried Helen, her woman's heart excited beyond endurance;—"disgrace alike to the name of soldier and of man, if you ever had loved a wife, a sister, or a mother, you would scorn to make a demand like that."

Wretch as the deserter was, he evidently was shamed a little. "Some keepsake from the young lady herself, I suppose," cried he. "Well, we won't be too hard on the Captain. He shall keep his love picture. But you must put down that silver whistle and its chain, young lady. That's not a love-gift, too, I suppose?"

Helen was about to lay down her whistle, when a commotion was evident among the deserters. They had faced about, and were now standing with their muskets levelled, apparently peering into the foliage in front of them.

"What does it all mean?" exclaimed Helen.

"I hope it means that the riflemen have found them," replied Pemberton.

"Fire!" was at this moment called out—apparently at a considerable distance. A scattering report followed—as of a dozen rifles—from parties too intent upon their aim, to care much about firing closely together. Three of the deserters fell at once to the ground, as if stone-dead. Their leader, however, flung back a yell of defiance, fired his own musket, and then snatched the muskets of his comrades in turn from the earth, and discharged them at his advancing assailants. With a shout, when the last barrel was emptied, the riflemen rushed upon him. Clubbing his musket, the deserter struck out savagely right and left, backing sometimes to the very verge of the cliff.

"Take him alive, men—shooting is too good for him!" shouted a stern voice.

"Never! never! you cursed Yankees!" howled the deserter—desperately keeping his assailants at bay, even on the utmost verge of the precipice.

"Then die, like a dog!" shouted a stalwart ranger, bringing the butt of his rifle full upon the ruffian's temple. The deserter reeled, staggered for a moment, and crashed down the side of the precipice a hundred feet to the sharp rocks below.

THE CAVES ALONG THE DELAWARE. THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCES OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF PHILADELPHIA.

(From Watson's Annals.)

"The way the first purchasers or adventurers made their settlements was, first to make their caves or shelter in which to place their families—then to get warrants of survey, and go out and wander about for their choice of localities. In doing this they had no paths or roads to direct them, save near the river side. The intercourse between Germantown and Philadelphia was only by a foot or horse path for some time after the first settlement at the former place."

The young ladies turned their eyes away from the horrid sight. Then Helen started forwards involuntarily, as if to assist him.

"It is useless," said Pemberton. "He is past help."

"He has died the death of a deserter and a thief!" exclaimed André, with compressed lips. "They are not worth thinking of—they disgrace the name of soldier and of man."

"I suppose so," said Isabella. "Poor fellows!"

"Here come our gallant rescuers," exclaimed Helen, "as the riflemen began to file down into the glen. "I suppose we may take up our treasures now."

We need scarcely describe the enthusiastic welcome with which the rangers were received. Even the roughest of these hardy sons of the frontier, felt rejoiced that he was one of the party which had come so opportunely to their aid. For both the ladies shook hands with every man at least once, and thanked him personally for his share in the fight. And one of the rangers, who had received a slight bullet wound in the arm, was envied the hurt by all his comrades. For Helen would bandage the wound with her own handkerchief, and both she and Isabella made as much ado about it, as if the wounded man were injured for life.

"Simon lets on to be a great deal more hurt than he is," laughed one of the riflemen to another.

"That's so—but I would too, under the same aggrawatin' circumstances," replied his comrade. At which there was a general grunt of assent.

"It was a lucky thing you came up when you did," said Pemberton, to the sergeant comanding the party.

"Wall, there wasn't much of what you call luck in it," replied the sergeant. "The fact is, we shouldn't a been hyere at all, hadn't it been for Lefttenant Morris?"

"What is that about Lieutenant Morris?" cried Helen.

"The Sergeant says," replied André, "that the Lieutenant sent him here."

"Wall," continued the Sergeant; we had got down to the mouth of the crick, and were coming out of the woods on the Ridge, when who should dash up but the Lefttenant. 'I'm not say in my mind, Sargeant,' says he. 'Thim desarters may be paceable characters, mere hen-roost thieves, or they may not. I wish,' says he, you'd just turn back, and go up to Luseley's agen. I wouldn't like any harm to come to them ladies.'"

"Spoken like a gentleman and a soldier," said André.

"'Wall, 'Lefttenant, it's all the same to me,' says I. And so we turned back, lookin' a little closer arter the varments. Soon we cum on a trail. Bless your hearts of they hadn't hollered out a cave under some rocks,—and we had gone clean by them; and Simon there, a half-Injun too! Drat it but we were mad. All of a sudden Simon sed—'I heered the lady's whissel.' 'No?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Git out,' says I. 'I am sure,' says he. But we all heered the gun plain enough. Ah, says I, that's your little game is it? We tore along, sending Simon fust; he's half Injun, you know. Then we heered them talking—and closed in all roun' them. Jist in time too, I s'pect. I reckon the ladies were gittin' a little skeart."

"Not much more scared than the gentlemen,' replied Pemberton, smiling. "I am free to admit that I, for one, felt very uneasy. But it is time now we were making our way back to Mr. Livezey's."

Some of the riflemen had already investigated the condition of the deserters, and finding life extinct in all of them, had gone off to procure spades to bury them with. The others divided into two parties, one to await their return, the other to continue on their way to Mr. Livezey's.

And in a very sober and thoughtful mood, indeed, the gay party of the morning sought their boat, while Pemberton rowed slowly back.

At the landing stood Lieutenant Morris. "Welcome back!" cried he. "I hope you have had a pleasant excursion to Cresheim."

"Here we are, all safe," answered Helen, to whom his eyes seemed more particularly turned.

"I am heartily glad of it, I confess," ejaculated Morris, fervently. "To tell the truth, my wound seems to have enfeebled my mind a little, for a more foolishly anxious three hours I never passed. Why, if the Indians had been upon you, and scalping you, as they did poor Jane McCrea, I could not have felt worse."

"Well, Mr. Morris, we came about as near being scalped as I ever want to come," said Helen, impressively. "But I whistled, as I said I would, and you sent help."

"I sent help!"

"Yes, the riflemen—they came just in the nick of time."

"Are you in earnest? Were you in danger, then?"

By this time they were on the porch; and, taking a seat, Helen recounted, with frequent interruptions from the rest of the party, all that had taken place.

"And now, Lieutenant Morris," said she, holding out her hand, "I think we are fully even—only the balance is a good deal in your favor."

Morris took the fair hand, but seemed a little puzzled what to do with it. It was not a very small hand, one of those you can hardly feel, but the proper hand to belong to a rather tall, finely-developed woman. It was well-shaped, soft, somewhat plump, and glowing with vitality. Such a hand, in short, as thrills a lover through and through. But the Lieutenant, as we said, did not seem to know exactly what to do with it. If it had been a man's hand, he would have given it a hearty grasp, and this was what Helen expected; but, after gently fumbling with the fair, soft fingers a little in his embarrassment, he bent down his head, raised it to his lips, and, before the whole party, as he had done once before in private, fervently but reverently kissed it.

"Fie, Mr. Morris!" cried Helen, flushing. "You must not do that."

To save embarrassment, Pemberton interposed—"It is full time we were going, I think. Morris, will you have the horses brought up, while we go in and bid adieu to our Cousin Livezeys?"

CHAPTER VII.

"For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."
Tennyson.

As our party emerged from the valley of the Wissahiccon, on their homeward ride, the sound of a distant but heavy cannonade was heard. Helen looked inquiringly at André.

"It is no secret now," said he; "a corps, mainly of Hessians, under Count Donop, is attacking Fort Mercer, while the fleet is bombarding Fort Mifflin."

An anxious look passed over the faces of Pemberton and his cousin. "God defend the right!" exclaimed Morris, fervently.

"God defend the right!" repeated André, with equal fervor.

The serious events of the day, and the continued noise of the cannonade, naturally had a sobering influence on the spirits of all. They could not laugh and jest when their fellow beings, many of whom on both sides were personally known to them, were hazarding their lives at the musket and cannon's mouth. And they rode rapidly forwards, almost in perfect silence.

As they turned into Germantown, Lieutenant Morris bade them good-bye, with many mutually expressed kindly wishes. The others kept down the road, at a rapid canter—the noise of the cannon growing louder and louder as they neared the city.

"I never saw Morris like he was to-day," said Pemberton to Isabella, as they drew up into a walk at the three-mile run to breathe their horses a little. "Phil is generally so overflowing with reckless gayety and good humor. He really did not seem the same man."

"His wound, in weakening him, has probably affected his spirits. Did you observe how pale he was, when not excited by the conversation?"

"Of course I did. By-the-way, it was a little curious, Bella, that you and Helen should have had the opportunity of doing so great a service to a cousin of mine."

"Yes, and that shows the necessity of helping every one when you can, no matter how great a stranger he may be," replied Isabella. "I had no idea when I heard him called Lieutenant Morris, that it was your old crony, whom you had so often spoken about."

"But you have not seen Phil Morris, even yet," rejoined Pemberton. "This grave and sentimental young man we saw to-day, is very different from the Phil of whose pranks at old Benezet's school, I have so often told you—the best mimic, and most reckless and daring boy, in the whole school. Did I ever tell you about the negro boy?"

"Not that I remember."

"You know Benezet is the kindest-hearted and most benevolent man in the whole world."

"I think he must be, if that story I heard you tell about his feeding the rats down in the area is true."

"It is sober truth, Bell. He used to feed the rats regularly every morning. He did it to keep them honest. He said that rats only stole because they were forced to do so from necessity, and that his rats never stole anything. And he will not eat pool ry—he says it is like eating his neighbors."

"What a comical old fellow!"

"He is a saint—if goodness ever made a man a saint. And Phil knew it, and would have fought for him any time—but what will not a boy do for a joke?"

"What did he do?"

"Blackened his face and hands, and passed himself off for a poor little negro runaway from Virginia, in the sight of the whole school. Benezet is a great hater of slavery, you know. Oh, but the whoppers that Phil told of the way he had been abused down South—while we, boys, knowing the joke, roared with laughter."

"I should think that Mr. Benezet would have suspected something from your merriment."

"He is too sincere and guileless for that. He was inexpressibly shocked by it however—though he could hardly credit such boyish heartlessness, save by imputing it to the hardening effect of 'the wicked system' upon our youthful minds."

"Did he find out the deception?"

"Never—to this day. Though he could not account for the sudden disappearance of the injured negro, save by supposing he had been seized by some minion of his master, and carried back into slavery."

"I confess I should never have accused Mr. Morris of any such prank as that," said Isabella. "He seemed to-day as sober as a judge. But there is a great difference between being sick and well. 'A little blood in the veins more or less,' I once heard my father say, 'often makes the difference between the saint and the sinner.'"

"I fear," replied Pemberton, smiling, however true that saying may be in a general way, that in Phil's case, his unusual seriousness is owing quite as much to Cupid's arrow in the heart, as to the British ball in his shoulder."

"If so, you had better warn him at once," replied Isabella earnestly. "Helen could never love a rebel; and, besides—you have eyes, Arthur."

"I will take the first opportunity to enlighten Phil," said Pemberton. "I love him too well to have him suffer with heart ache."

"And I will caution Helen. She does not mean to flirt, and she does not exactly flirt; but to fling about the bright sparkles of her eyes, and to captivate men with the tones of her voice, and the thrilling touches of her hand, seems to come as natural to her as breathing. You know it is natural to her, Arthur."

"Of course I do. You might as well blame a rose for flinging around its fragrance, or a star for twinkling. But it's a pity she couldn't carry a badge on her breast, labelled 'hands off, this property is not for sale.' And yet I suppose it would make no difference—every moth still would fly right into the bright fire of her eyes, and get his foolish wings scorched."

"Hush!" said Isabella, "they are coming up to us."

BENEZET'S HOUSE AND CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE.

(From Watson's Annals.)

The above view represents Chestnut street bridge over Dock creek and Benezet's house. Dock creek crossed Chestnut street between Third and Fourth. It is now culverted, and paved over, and called Hudson's Alley. At the time of the Revolution, Dock creek was still crossed by the bridge, though the ground on the west side was more or less occupied with houses up to the line of Fourth street.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There is no doubt that there exist such voices—
Yet would I not call those
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."
Schiller's Wallenstein.

A half-hour's gentle canter, and our party drew up once more at Mrs. Pemberton's. Giving their horses in charge of the servants they entered and made ready for dinner—five o'clock being then as now, a common hour with the wealthier classes of the citizens. André remained at Pemberton's invitation.

The dinner was an abundant and substantial, but simple affair. Two courses—at the first a round of roast beef, and the vegetables and stewed fruits of the season—potatoes, sweet and white, turnips, stewed cranberries, apple sauce, and cole-slaw; for the second course, dried-peach pies and a rice-pudding, ending with nuts, and a cup of coffee for those who desired it. For drink, there was good water—rather a scarce article in the world—home-brewed beer, and Claret and Madeira wines. These last were very sparingly partaken of—for fifty years before, the evils of intemperance had been strongly portrayed at public meetings held throughout the province—a prohibitory law in relation to *distilled* liquors had been warmly urged—and the "Friends" had many a solemn testimony uttered by their preachers against the danger of over-indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

Mrs. Pemberton presided at the head of the table. She was a rather large, and, for her years, quite a comely woman, with something of the air of a queen about her, notwithstanding the severe simplicity of her Quaker attire. The smooth and unruffled serenity of her face, told of feelings habitually kept under control. It was doubtful that she could be easily wounded by any assault of fate, that did not touch the weak point in her smooth-shining armor—her love for Arthur, her only remaining child.

Mrs. Pemberton, like a large proportion of the sect to which she belonged, was intensely loyal in her feelings—so much so that when the British entered the city, she had sent to Sir William Howe her carriage and horses for his own use while he remained. This she could do conscientiously; but to contribute in aid of warlike measures, even to benefit the cause she deemed just, she would not do, under any pretence whatever. The royal commander might take from her what he pleased for such purposes, and she would submit—but she would not aid voluntarily in any way or manner in the shedding of blood. Her opposition in fact to the Colonial cause was based upon this very thing—when the Colonies took ground that involved a resort to violence and war, she no longer sympathized with them.

Her residence was called by many the Flag House, as it was the only one belonging to a citizen which displayed the British flag. But this flag had been run up at first entirely without Mrs. Pemberton's knowledge. It was apparently the work of old Fox. The late Mr. Pemberton had been a large shipowner, and in the attic of the house Foxey had found a collection of flags, of various sizes. One of these he had run up on a tall but rude flag-staff of his own manufacture, when the British army entered the city, greatly to the disgust of that portion of the citizens who were Whigs. Mrs. Pemberton was not, by any means, a bigoted "Friend," but still she disliked this particular exhibition of loyalty, as not being in accordance with what she termed "Friends' testimonies." But, as it had been done, and seemed to please General Howe very greatly, and as her son represented to her that it really was a matter of very little importance, the flag was allowed to remain. And Fox was permitted to fly his flags at his pleasure, substituting one for another, sometimes a small one, sometimes a large one, and sometimes the very largest he could lay his hands on, according apparently to his own African notions of what was suitable and proper. That he should fly his largest flags upon what he deemed the greatest occasions, seemed to be only in accordance with what might naturally be expected. But to return to our company.

After the removal of the first course, which you may be sure all parties did ample justice to—though the noise of the cannonade still

continued at intervals, not however so constant and heavy as at first—Mrs. Pemberton was informed by her son, of the particulars of their day's ride, including the adventure with the deserters. She was of course greatly affected. "Poor, misguided men!" was her comment upon hearing of the tragical fate of the deserters. "If the riflemen only could have captured them, or driven them off, without killing them, how much better it would have been."

While Arthur had been telling his story, André had turned around to a little desk behind him, on which stood writing materials, and seemed to be sketching something with a pen. As Pemberton concluded, he turned back again, smiling.

"Here we are, Mrs. Pemberton," cried he gayly, handing her a sheet of paper, on which he had made a rude but highly artistic sketch. "Here is the rock. That is Helen—you would know her by her defiant expression and attitude—she has just blown the whistle. That is poor me—half scared to death. That is Pemberton, looking as grave as a Quaker preacher in meeting. That's Isabella, standing erect, like a queen. And there, up on the brow of the precipice, are the horrible deserters."

The sketch was handed around, and greatly commended for it accuracy and spirit; Helen, in the end, appropriating it as her own, without a word, and apparently in the most unconscious manner.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Pemberton, "we should thank the kind Father for bringing you assistance at so critical a moment. Philip Morris was but the instrument in His holy hand."

"It seems to me though, it can easily be accounted for in a natural way," said Arthur in a low voice to André, who was sitting opposite to him.

But his mother caught the words. "Arthur, I do not like to hear thee say that. History is full of such Providential interpositions—especially the history of the early Friends."

"In your own family, Friend Pemberton," said Isabella, "you have frequently had such cases, have you not?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Pemberton, evidently embarked on a favorite subject; "hand down that tureen, Arthur, from the sideboard."

Arthur did so. It was a silver tureen, and on it was engraved the device of a cat bearing off a rabbit. The others had frequently seen it, but it was new to André, and the story connected with t was new to all but her son.

"When the first settlers came to Philadelphia," Mrs. Pemberton resumed, "many of them made caves in the high bank on the river's edge, to live in, until they had time to build more comfortable homes. An ancestor of ours and of Philip Morris's, when the dinner hour came one day, found she had nothing left in the house to eat, except a little biscuit and cheese, and with no immediate prospect of getting anything more. Then she gave way to despondency, and began to wish she had remained among the flesh-pots of the English Egypt. But suddenly a voice within seemed to say—'Didst thou not come for liberty of conscience—and hast thou not got it? Neither hast thou suffered greatly thus far.' Then she fell on her knees, and prayed to be forgiven, and for a greater measure of faith."

"That was just like you would have done, my dear Aunt Rachel," exclaimed Isabella.

"Well," continued Mrs. Pemberton, not displeased with the compliment from her favorite of the two girls, "when she rose from her knees, and was going to seek for other food, her cat darted into the cave with a fine large rabbit which it had caught. And thus our Heavenly Father answered her humble petition, and gave her a lesson which she never forgot. For when, in after days, they became prosperous and wealthy, she had this tureen made, and engraved as you see it, in order that none of her descendants might forget the rock of their strength, to the latest generation.

"And many other such incidents have occurred in the history of our family," continued Mrs. Pemberton, "both here and in the old world, which I could mention, if it were necessary."

"Mother," said Pemberton, slyly, "how do you explain the flash of lightning last June, which melted the crown on Christ Church steeple? Do you think that it meant God's displeasure with the course of the mother country towards these colonies?"

"I think it may have been intended as a warning to the king," replied she, "that unless he reigned with greater justice, his kingdom in this part of the world would be taken from him."

"Pretty well answered, I think, Master Arthur," said Isabella.

"And then again," continued Mrs. Pemberton, "we all know what happened at Birmingham meeting-house. Years before the bloody conflict at Brandywine—yes, years before the beginning of the war, one of our most gifted ministers, enlightened by the word, predicted not only the coming on of the contest, but how that very place would be the scene of frightful carnage, how the blood would be spattered red on the horses' bridles and housings, and that very house itself be filled with the wounded and the slain!"

"He did?" said Helen, her face glowing with her interest in the subject.

"Yes, I believe that is so," responded Arthur. "But I also remember how another very eloquent minister, the Rev. Morgan Edwards,—"

"He is not a Friend," interrupted his mother; "he is a hireling minister. It is a different case entirely."

"But, mother, let me go on," said Arthur laughing. "I admit that he is not a Friend—but he was always considered a very worthy, conscientious, and sincere man. The Rev. Morgan Edwards was persuaded that he had received a warning from above—a kind of inward monition, mother—that he was about to die, and on a certain day, at a certain hour. He felt so sure of it that he announced it from his pulpit. It made a great sensation, of course. When the fateful day came his house was crowded. He breathed slowly. Everybody was expectant. You could hear the big clock tick. The minutes wore on. He breathed slower and slower. Every moment, he thought, would be his last. But he could not die! And, greatly to his own vexation and disappointment, and the vexation and disappointment of his numerous friends and admirers, the dreaded minutes passed on; the hour passed over; the day passed over—and here twenty years are gone, and the reverend gentleman is still alive and frisky."

"If I had been he, I would have taken laudanum," said Helen, in a mortified tone.

"Of course it killed him, in one sense, if not in another," continued Pemberton. "His congregation lost all faith in his spiritual discernment; and he left the city in disgust. Now, that he was earnest and sincere, is proven by the whole course of the affair. What have you to say about these matters, André? you have not spoken a word for the last half hour. Are you a believer or a disbeliever?"

"Captain André is not a disbeliever, I will warrant," said Helen. "Aunt Rachel, you must take Arthur to meeting with you more regularly. He is getting quite Frenchified."

André had been sitting very quietly, as Pemberton had said, but evidently an attentive listener to the conversation. Now he took a sip of wine, and said in a low and musing tone:

"I know not what to say. There is so much evidence on both sides. But I will also tell a story—an anecdote of what happened to young Percy, the very day he was killed at Brandywine. I had it from his servant, after the battle.

"You may have heard what a splendid fellow Percy was," continued André; "so kind, so noble, so generous! I knew him well—and many a pleasant talk we had together on our way from the head of Elk. He was a volunteer, you know; and rode with whom it pleased him. He wore a handsome uniform, and looked and rode as a descendant of Harry Hotspur should. He was in Cornwallis's division, and that long, well-planned march of the general's brought them to the flank of Washington's army about two in the afternoon. They absolutely stopped and took a comfortable dinner about two miles from the Americans; only the rise of a hill concealing the two armies from each other's view."

"I should think that was not very wise or prudent," said Isabella.

"Perhaps not—but it is hard fighting on an empty stomach—and the result justified it," replied André.

"At four o'clock," continued he, sadly, "the British column ascended the intervening hill, and came in sight of the American position, their troops all in line, and awaiting the onset."

"Oh, it is horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton—"brothers thirsting for brothers' blood. Where was your religion—where your common humanity!"

"As Percy came to the brow of the hill, he suddenly reined in his steed, and gazed with a curious, questioning eye over the scene before him. There was a gentle hill and dale, interspersed with dark patches of woods, green pastures, and low, gray farm-houses; and, just seen in a little opening on the right, the glittering waters of the Brandywine, flowing peacefully and quietly in the glorious sunshine. I stood afterwards in the very same spot, Miss Helen."

"Well," said Helen, breathlessly.

"Calling his servant to his side, Percy took his gold watch from his pocket, and gave it to him. 'Take this,' said he, 'David, and give it to my sister in far Northumberland. I have seen this hill and stream and landscape before; in a dream, in England. Here I shall die! And'—taking his purse from his pocket—'take this for yourself.' That was all he said—every word. Then he rode on. In the midst of the fight, in that fierce contest for the possession of the graveyard and Birmingham meeting-house, Percy fell. That is all," said André, passing his hand over his forehead.

"May he sleep in peace amid the quiet hills of Brandywine!" said Pemberton, solemnly.

"And God comfort his sister, in far Northumberland, when the sad news comes," said Isabella.

"It reminds me of my own dream—one that I have dreamed twice, once in England, and again nearly two years ago in Lancaster," resumed André, with a touch of sadness in his tones, and a dreamy look in his dark eyes. "It was a very vivid dream, and I awakened on both occasions feeling intensely sorrowful. And yet there was nothing very sorrowful in it. I thought I was riding alone, along a country road. At length I came to a gentle declivity, at the foot of which seemed to flow a little stream. The landscape was beautiful and quite peculiar, and I should know it at once if I ever really saw such a scene. On one side of the road, a little distance from it, towered a majestic tree. At the north, they call them Whitewood; you call them Tulip Poplars. But this was immense, its trunk I should think nearly thirty feet around; and its boughs the size of ordinary trees. But the great peculiarity of the tree was its gnarled and fantastic branches, which twisted down in places almost to the earth, and then rose again. While I was gazing at it, a soldier in British uniform suddenly stepped out from the side of the road, presented his musket at my breast, and cried, 'Halt!' At the sound, on both occasions, I awoke. If I ever see that spot, that tree, and hear that voice, I shall feel as Percy did at Brandywine."

Andre leaned his head upon his hand. He evidently had been deeply impressed by the prophetic vision, as he deemed it. Helen rose from the table to conceal her sympathetic agitation.

"Come now, André," cried Pemberton in a cheery voice, "you are giving us all the dismals. That dream is susceptible of two explanations. Your tree was the great tree of Life, Ygdrasil, which you had probably been reading about in some old Norse fable; and the soldier was Death, who is certain to start out even from under the very giant and twisted branches of the tree of life, and cry 'Halt' to all of us—and this is the most reasonable explanation, and does credit to your involuntary powers of fancy and invention, making me think you even more of a poet and artist than I thought you before. Or, if you will have the dream more literally fulfilled—here is our adventure of to-day, with big trees enough, and soldiers wearing British uniforms too, and crying 'halt' into the bargain. Your dream came to-day as near an accurate fulfillment as dreams are apt to come, I fancy."

Helen's face brightened. "Yes, Mr. André, Mr. Pemberton has explained all in the most satisfactory manner. Why, Arthur, you are a second Daniel; and here is a kiss for your reward"—tossing him one of those sweet little compositions, so appropriately named, out of the cake-basket.

"I shall try to think so, at least," said André, rousing himself to gayety, as with an effort, "for such forebodings are not inspiriting to a soldier. And, apropos to all this, would you not, ladies, like to visit the famous witch, conjurer, sorceress, astrologess, and fortune-teller, Madame Dumont, who has been making so much talk lately? Tarleton has been there, and even he, who believes in nothing he cannot see and hear, is puzzled. Miss Shippen says she predicts the most curious career for her. Miss Franks says she is the—bad one. While Miss Vining keeps a silence which is more significant than words. Let us all go."

"Suppose we do," said Pemberton.

"I do not approve of such tampering with sacred things, John," said Mrs. Pemberton. "If the spirit wants to speak, it will speak: but I think it wicked, and even dangerous, to have anything to do with witches and those who have familiar spirits."

"But, Aunt Rachel, we should not have the least faith in her; and it would be such rare fun," remonstrated Helen.

"Well, we can decide about it another time," said André, who did not wish needlessly to controvert Mrs. Pemberton's strong religious convictions upon the subject. "I still hear the cannon booming at intervals, and think I had better go up to headquarters to learn what has been going on to-day."

"I will go along," said Pemberton. "I also feel anxious to hear; and even the ladies, doubtless, would like to know that all their friends are safe, before retiring."

The gentlemen left. But in half-an-hour Pemberton returned, with a face in which joy and grief blended. He brought back word that the Hessians, under Count Donop, had been repulsed in their attack on Fort Mercer, with great slaughter. The British ships, also, had been able to make no impression on Fort Mifflin, while two of the vessels, the Merlin and Augusta, were aground, and might have to be abandoned. None of their immediate friends, on either side, were injured.

Pemberton's face glowed as he told this; while Isabella's eyes shone triumphantly in sympathy. Helen threw herself on a sofa and shed tears, while Mrs. Pemberton gave a deep sigh. Nothing was said, however, on the one side of exultation, on the other of anger or regret—they all loved and respected each other too much for that.

"I also was deeply pained to learn," continued Pemberton, "that Count Donop, who commanded the expedition, now lies mortally wounded, and a prisoner. One of his officers had just brought the news to Gen. Howe. He had obtained permission to visit the Count, after the contest. The latter lay dying, in a neighboring farm-house. He seemed to feel ashamed and mortified at this sad close of a brilliant life. He said, bitterly, to the officer, "And here ends, early and ingloriously, my proud and ambitious career. I have moved in half the courts of Europe, and am now dying here ignobly, in the house of an obscure Quaker."

Weary with their ride and the exciting events of the day, the ladies retired to rest early—thankful that they had no visitors. Whenever they awakened through the night they could still hear at intervals the sad booming of the cannon. And the next morning the whole city was startled by a tremendous explosion. A red-hot shot from the Fort had set the Augusta, a large 64-gun-ship, on fire, and she had blown up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GALILEO.

BY ALICE KING.

The first kisses of spring were resting on the banks of the Arno, in 1564, when Galileo was born at Pisa. We do not hear that the planets were in any remarkable conjunction at his birth; though they were certainly bound in duty so to be, if ever they were at the entrance of man into the world. His ancestors had sat at Florence among the proudest nobles of the land. But somehow the ducats had contracted a habit of flying out of the family purse. Perhaps the gentlemen were too fond of fine horses and old wine; perhaps the ladies cared more for splendor in the wardrobe than for economy in the kitchen. Retrenchment may have had something to do with the change of the family dwelling from Florence to Pisa. It was no small relief to the household exchequer to be freed from the train of idle servants and the troop of noisy guests who were deemed a necessary part of the state of an Italian palazzo in the sixteenth century.

The little fellow was not long alone in his nursery. A brother and three sisters quickly joined him. We wonder whether the "prophetic eye" of his mother—the Signora Giulia—marked in the face of her eldest born that which told of a higher destiny for him than for the rest of her children. The boy soon showed an eager desire to go to the very bottom of *everything* he was taught. His father, who seems to have been a man of shrewd sense, encouraged him in this, and told him never to believe anything before he had proved the truth of it himself. It was not in the deeper branches of knowledge alone that he excelled. His father put a lute almost as a plaything into the child's hands, and before he was twenty young Galileo was a skilled musician. He acquired also a most cultivated taste in painting, and in after-life many a great artist lent an attentive ear to his criticisms. At one time, indeed, he almost made up his mind to make painting his profession. But this was only one of those spirts off the right road which are generally taken by genius before it settles down steadily into harness.

Part of Galileo's boyhood was spent in the monastery of Vallombrosa, where the monks employed much of their time in educating the young. There, as he wandered through the shadowy cloisters, or amidst the thick foliage of the surrounding woods, he inhaled into his whole being that deep reverence for the Roman Catholic Church, which made him cling to her in after-life as his dear and holy mother, even when her persecuting hand lay heaviest upon him.

When he was about seventeen he entered the University of Pisa, where he remained for a few years. It was at this period that his genius first showed its true bent. Mindful of his monastic training, young Galileo was most regular in his attendance at the Cathedral services; but during the sermons of the canons, and the elaborate performances of the choir, the lad could not help glancing up very often at the lamp which hung from the Cathedral roof. By degrees his eyes got a habit of always fixing themselves upon it. No doubt the fair maids of Pisa, as they knelt around, rosary in hand, were very indignant even in the midst of their prayers that this good-looking young Galileo should stare at the Cathedral roof instead of at their faces. But still the youth gazed on. The lamp swung gently to and fro in the currents of air that passed through the large building. That oscillating movement Galileo watched until he had evolved out of it an idea for making an instrument to count the pulse.

The young artificer set at once to work, nor did he stop till he had given shape to the picture conceived in his mind. His invention got spread abroad, and doctors from the neighboring cities came to examine it. The narrower minds among the faculty smiled superciliously at what they termed the lad's ingenious toy, but the larger ones spoke words of honest praise, and many of them adopted the instrument. Thus was the name of Galileo already whispered through Tuscany.

Made bold by this success, Galileo now began to give lectures, in which he put forth certain new opinions of his own in mathematics and science. This was too much for the Dons of the Pisan University. The mere notion of one of their students having a thought in his head which they had not drummed into it was enough to take away their appetites for a month. For a short time they were speechless from horror, then they burst forth into such a storm of invective that young Galileo soon began to find the place too hot for him. Partly through the interest of friends, and partly through his own budding fame, the mathematical professorship at the University of Padua was about this time offered to him, and he gladly accepted it, and left his native city.

The young professor was hardly seated in his chair, when news reached him of his father's death. This brought upon him a vast amount of private worry. The position of an eldest son in an Italian family of that day was no sinecure. He had all the responsibilities of a father with very little of the authority. His brother, misnamed Michel Angelo, was one of those worthless rolling stones to be met with in most families. He had some talent as a lute player, and might by means of it have maintained himself honorably. But he was always getting out of employment or into debt, and always rolling back on to his brother's shoulders. Then there was a brother-in-law clamoring for his bride's dowry, and a sister who would not be a nun, and would be a wife. The trouble and expense of all this fell on Galileo, with only the help of a little feeble counsel from his mother, Madonna Giulia, who seems to have been perfectly bewildered by the many claims of her children.

Galileo remained as mathematical professor at Padua till he was past forty, his fame increasing year by year. His lecture-room was crowded, and many scions of noble and even princely houses were among his pupils. Inventions, which to this day make part of the comforts of our daily lives, leaped one after another from his creative brain. Of these the most important were the thermometer and the telescope. His name rang through Europe. The sprightly dames of Paris, when a telescope was brought to the French Court, forgot their stately etiquette and their silken robes, and fairly scrambled for a first look through it. Foreign sovereigns wooed him to enter their brilliant service. Learned men from all lands flocked to Padua, to sit at his feet.

Having thus, by means of the telescope, brought the heavens close to his view, Galileo began his long series of astronomical discoveries, and each year the men of earth were made familiar with some new wonder of the sky.

Galileo, in this the season of his highest prime, is a grand picture of human intellect. We see the great astronomer in his observatory; his majestic head, with its crown of chestnut hair, is thrown back as he looks through the telescope. His eyes flash as some fresh planet dawns upon him, and his strongly-built frame trembles with nervous energy. By-and-by a man, stately and gracious as a prince, strolls familiarly in, and, laying his hand caressingly on the astronomer's shoulder, asks if his rare Galileo has a new world to show him to-night. This is Peneli, a Paduan nobleman, the most accomplished scholar and gentleman in Italy. Next a brisk step is heard on the stairs of the observatory, and a clear, manly laugh rings in through the door. He who is now come to disturb the astronomer's vigil is indeed a merry fellow. Sly humor plays around his mouth; satire lurks in every line of his face; fun dances in his eyes. Sagredo, the most whimsical of Venetian wits, is at Galileo's side. But who is he who now comes in? He wears a monk's cowl, but his bearing is that of a soldier. There is a fire in his eyes which makes us shrink back as he draws near, and yet there is an honest courage in his face which attracts us. There are those in Venice by whom this man is adored as a god, but there are also those in Venice who would give their own hearts' blood for their poniards to drink his. He is Sarpi, the champion of Venetian freedom, who met undaunted alike the thunders of Rome, and the fell swoop of the Austrian eagle. These were spirits worthy to hold communion with the great astronomer.

Galileo never married. The trouble his own family caused him in early life seems to have had a pernicious effect on him, in making him dread and avoid having a lawful wife and children. The mother of his son Vincenzio and of his two daughters—Polissena and Virginia—was Marina Di Gamba, a Venetian woman of low birth. We may blame Galileo, but we must not forget the times he lived in. Marina does not seem to have had any strong affection for her great lover, and in a few years, when an opportunity offered itself, married well in her own rank of life. The light way in which such things were thought of in that day in Italy is proved by a letter which is extant from Marina's husband to Galileo. He thanks the professor warmly for his wife's dowry, and speaks quite affectionately of Galileo's little daughter Polissena.

With his horror of domestic shackles the thought that these children had no right to be a burden to him was doubtless uppermost in Galileo's mind when he first became a parent. These helpless little ones had no legal claim upon him, and who in the Italy of his day thought any the worse of a man for neglecting his illegitimate offspring? The good heart of Galileo, however, raised him in this case above the low moral standard of his time. As soon as the prattle of his children began to reach his ears, all the father awoke within him. He took them away from their now married mother, around whom new interests were quickly springing up, and henceforth they became the objects of his constant care.

Galileo was very far beyond his age in his disbelief in astrology. He did, indeed, sometimes cast the horoscopes of his friends to please them; but he did it with a mocking air.

When Galileo was passing the boundaries of middle age the Grand Duke of Tuscany made him very advantageous offers to come and take the place of astronomer royal at his court. The Grand Duke was chiefly induced to do this by his son Cosmo, a precocious boy, who was never satiated with hearing of the discoveries of Galileo, and who wanted to have the wonderful man near him that he might become his pupil. His ceaseless energy was already beginning to tell upon Galileo both in body and mind. How could it be otherwise with his long night vigils, and the gigantic nature of his brain work? He had had attacks of illness and fits of low spirits, during which a dark cloud rested on his great intellect. The salary promised by the Grand Duke was as large as that which he now earned. Freedom from the work of the professorship would be a great relief to him. He therefore gladly accepted the offer, and removed with his children to Florence.

Soon after he was settled there Galileo took it into his head (no doubt in one of the fits of hypochondria already mentioned) that it would be much better for his daughters never to know anything of the world. He therefore took them to a convent of Franciscan nuns at Arcetri, near Florence, and requested that they might at once make there their profession.

The abbess at first demurred, saying that no novice was allowed to take the vows before she was sixteen. Galileo, however, urged his point, and the abbess, hoping to find in the astronomer royal a rich and potent patron for her needy convent, consented to try to do what he wished. In a little while a dispensation was obtained from Rome for making Galileo's daughters nuns before they were women. The two little girls, Polissena and Virginia, the eldest of whom was only thirteen, had their hair cut off, were made to repeat certain words which they did not even understand, were dressed in hoods and veils, and then were told that they were transformed into Sister Maria Celeste and Sister Arcangela. There is little doubt that Galileo soon repented what he had done; more especially when the charms, both of mind and body, of his eldest and best beloved daughter came to maturity.

At Florence Galileo lived an honorable and busy life. He inhabited a pretty villa at Bello Sguardo, where the hum of the city only reached his ear in muffled sounds. There by day he wrote his various books on astronomical or scientific subjects, or worked in his garden—his favorite out-door employment. There he spent the silver Italian nights in reading the heavens from his observatory. There he received his many friends and pupils in a genial informal way. The grand ducal family, especially his pupil, young Cosmo, were never tired of showering upon him honors and ducats. With all their vices these Florentine Medici were right royal patrons of art and science and of letters.

When Galileo had been a few years in Florence he began to assert openly the earth's motion. This had been before discovered by Copernicus, but he never demonstrated it so clearly as Galileo. Copernicus was a German, and in Germany Luther had unfettered Thought, so that she walked at large. There Copernicus had held and taught what theory he pleased. But Galileo was an Italian, and in Italy thought was bound with a chain which was riveted to the chair of St. Peter. Therefore, as soon as he spoke publicly of this new doctrine, a score of priests and monks poked their heads out of cell windows and sacristy doors to declare it contrary to Scripture, and, what was worse, to the faith of Holy Church.

To this Galileo answered that he was an earnest and reverent believer in Scripture and an earnest and reverent son of Holy Church, but that both Scripture and Holy Church were meant to teach men religion, and not astronomy. The priests retorted with some rather strong language, and with weak, and we should have thought rather unclerical, puns on Galileo's name, about the men of Galilee gazing up into heaven. Further than this, however, they did not at present molest him, partly probably because of the high favor he stood in with the Grand Duke, and partly because there was as yet no printed evidence of his so-called heresy. He even went to Rome, where he was only lectured a little mildly now and then for his opinions by Pope and cardinals. Galileo's son Vincenzio turned out an exact ditto of his uncle Michael Angelo. The uncle and nephew both married, but their wives and children lived much more in Galileo's house than in their own. The astronomer took this with the most unfailing good temper, and let his quiet be invaded and his larder and cellar be emptied without a word of complaint.

The chief sunshine of Galileo's life at this time was his eldest daughter, the nun Maria Celeste. The church had indeed taken from the world a rare pearl when she appropriated to herself the astronomer's child. Beneath that nun's veil was hidden a wondrous wealth of wit and heart and sterling good sense.

The nuns, wrapped up in the narrow egotism but too common in cloisters, only guessed dimly at these treasures; her father alone knew the full worth of them. On him was lavished all the love which should by right have been shared among husband and children and familar friends. It was useless for the abbess to tell Maria Celeste she ought to give herself entirely to heaven; her mind was very much upon earth, for her thoughts were always with her father. She prayed for him when she ought to have been praying for the Pope and the cardinals. She kept for him the most dainty of the sweetmeats she made, instead of selling them for the convent purse. She stitched his shirts when she should have been embroidering altar-cloths. She copied for him his manuscripts when she should have been reading the lives of the saints. In consequence of the Franciscan vow of poverty the poor nuns at Arcetri often knew what it was to lack a good meal and to shiver for want of fire. The constitution of Maria Celeste was weakly, and could bear but ill such a life. She constantly suffered in her head from what would we believe in the medical light of the present day have been called neuralgia. Galileo was always providing her with little comforts to make her life more bearable; and, indeed, his charity to the whole convent quite realized the hopes conceived by the abbess when she first admitted his daughter. We like to fancy the kindly liberal-handed old astronomer in the convent parlor, with all the sisters chattering round him and proferring their simple requests.

And now we come to the last and darkest but best known scene of the great astronomer's life.

When he was nearly seventy Galileo published a volume of "Dialogues," in which he maintained the truth of the new system of astronomy and proved the fallacy of the old. His friends had warned him against taking this dangerous step. He, however, persisted, and the moment the book was out the Jesuits pounced upon it. They had long hated Galileo. They had long been waiting to be able to make out a strong case against him. He was, in their opinion, just the sort of man to be feared and hunted down.

The Pope at that time was Urban the Eighth. Hitherto he had been well disposed to Galileo. The Jesuits, however, managed to poison the pontiff's mind by telling him that the solemn fool of the "Dialogues" was meant for his holiness himself. His vanity being thus called up into arms, Urban was as violent as the Jesuits against the astronomer. The circulation of the book was stopped, and Galileo was cited to appear at Rome before the Inquisition on charge of heresy.

After that day he was not the Galileo of former times. He was, however, cheered by the noisy sympathy of his many pupils, and soothed by the softer tones of woman. His daughter wrote him words of Christian resignation. Caterina Nicolini, the wife of the Florentine ambassador at Rome, took him into her own house, and thought it no disgrace to her noble blood to wait upon and tend him. Maria Tedaldi, the most vivacious dame in vivacious Florence, triumphantly established the supremacy of the female tongue over even popes and cardinals by declaring that Galileo had always been right, and was now right, and would be right to the end.

At length he was allowed to return to Florence, but the Argus eyes of the Inquisition watched him till he was in his grave. His daughter's weak health had given way under the anxiety she had suffered for him. The sweet girl lived to kiss him once again, and then went away to the angels of her convent dreams. The lonely old man wept her bitterly; but the law of perpetual motion, which rules genius as well as planets, made him go on working. He was still busy with his pen and in his observatory. Three or four years before his death he was quite blind: as great an affliction for Galileo the astronomer, as deafness was for Haydn the musician. His last days were brightened by visits from the grand ducal family, and by the devotion of Viviani, his favorite pupil, who took his unworthy son's place. At length, in 1642, the soul of the great astronomer ascended to the stars.

A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE.

A brief letter from Dorchester, Mass., to the Boston Advertiser, tells the following: "There are in this town twin brothers, whose resemblance to each other is so strong that strangers can hardly tell them apart. They keep a grocery and provision 'store,' and were one day bringing in bags of meal from a wagon, which was out of sight from inside the store. Nathan had his coat on, but Eli was in his shirt-sleeves. A stranger in the shop watched them coming in and going out one after the other, but only one was visible at a time, and at last he exclaimed to Eli, 'Well, you're the smartest man I ever saw; but why do you keep putting on and taking off your coat?' These brothers and several other men were in the habit of getting up very early and going to swim in the 'Reservoir Pond,' and once Eli going, as was his wont, to Nathan's house, to call him, by tapping on the pane, saw his own face reflected from the glass, and taking it for his brother, called out, 'Come on; they're all waiting for you.'"

COMPOSITION OF GUANO.

It has been asserted by Professor Edwards that guano—which for years has been so extensively imported for certain qualities of land—is not composed of the excreta of birds. The recent researches of Dr. Habel tend to support this view: for when the portions of guano which are insoluble in acids are submitted to chemical and microscopic examination, they are found to consist of skeleton remains of animals of marine origin, and frequently of animals to be found alive in the neighboring seas. It is stated that ships riding at anchor round the guano-producing islands frequently pull up the guano with their anchors. This is strong evidence against the old fashioned excreta theory. The new conjectural proposition endeavors to account for the existence of the masses of guano in the Chincha Islands by the action of heat, or chemical action, or both together working the necessary changes for the conversion of the animal remains into the well-known fertilizing substance of commerce.

☞ Gypsies have lately been coming to America in considerable numbers, and it is said that their king has his headquarters in New Jersey. It is estimated that there are over 5000 in the United States, 18,000 in England, 40,000 in Spain, 97,000 in Austria, and 200,000 in Moldavia and Wallachia.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Strawberries and cream are in season at San Francisco.

☞ Curran was once asked by one of his brother judges, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

☞ Michigan University female sophomores haze good-looking freshmen by blindfolding and then kissing them. This smacks of capital punishment.

☞ A Boston widow wears with becoming pride a massive gold ring made from the plate of her departed husband's teeth.

☞ An Olympia (Washington Territory) lady is having a robe made from the skins of birds, which will cost $1000.

☞ A country editor makes a good point by asking: "Isn't it just about time for another girl full of needles to be found?"

☞ A Connecticutter has invented an explosive kernel of corn, for the destruction of crows.

☞ In London, the other day, a little boy was fined seven shillings for squirting a mouthful of water in a little girl's face. His mother could not pay the fine, so he had to go to jail for seven days.

☞ "A scarlet hat is announced among the wonders of Nevada." Scarlet hats are nothing new in this vicinity. We have seen hundreds of them. They generally fly during a riot. Of course we allude to brickbats.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A little beggar girl in Oshkosh, Michigan, has got hold of the wrong paper, which certifies that "the bearer is a widow with five children, in destitute circumstances."

☞ A new style of hat for gentlemen has been invented, which resembles an ordinary beaver, but is lined inside with thin plated steel, the object being if a man is attacked in the street at night, he can either ward off or give blows, with this veritable "crush hat."

☞ The newest pathetic song is called "They were my Brother's Gaiters." It is a sole-stirring ditty, calculating to stirrup the feelings of awl the upper classes: and it will doubtless soon be on every tongue.

☞ Two young ladies in New York, who have been noted for their beauty and style, have recently become quite paralyzed from the use, the physicians affirm, of paints and cosmetics of various kinds.

☞ Kaiser William has caused the revival of a statute forbidding all members of the diplomatic service to marry without the Emperor's consent.

☞ In Australia, kangaroo leather is thought appropriate for wear in leap-year.

☞ The editor of a contemporary writes that "the woman who has smoothed his ruffled bosom for years called to say she could not do it hereafter under nine shillings a week."

☞ "Welcome and Berry" is the name of a firm of physicians in a Minnesota town.

☞ A fellow lately started a store in Kansas. The following was the sign he hung out: "Dry goods by John Smith, who wishes to get married." This sign drew all kinds of custom. The single ladies went, of course—and the married men all told *their* wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so great a fool!

☞ A storekeeper at Quincy, Michigan, having a pup that habitually upset the paint cans in the rear end of the store, rubbed the dog's nose in the spilled paint as a reminder that he must not do so again. Last week the animal again spilled the paint, and, observing that his master was engaged in waiting on a customer, the docile pup rubbed his own nose in the mixture and ran howling out the back way.

☞ Boston's farewell bouquet to Nilsson was a ship four feet long, resting on an ocean of red pinks, with the word "Adieu" on one side, and "Cuba" on the other in white pinks. It sailed down the middle aisle of the theatre in the middle of a fine passage in "Martha," and was launched upon the stage after considerable exertion, where it rested quietly until the curtain fell, and was then steered by the prima donna herself to some unknown haven behind the scenes.

☞ A box, containing a black bear, was received at an express office in San Francisco the other day, with this inscription: "Black Bare—Ef yew don't want to get bit, kepe your fingers outen the crax!"

☞ *The Advance* is favored with a patron, who, we suspect, is own cousin to one whose effusions occasionally reach us. The last effusion of this "contributer," as vouched for by our Chicago cotemporary, reads as follows:—

"Editor Advance—Dear Sir—Being a frequent reader of our inestimateble Paper, I feel a strong inclination to contribit to its columns. (With your permission.) Haveing had som little expiriance, as a contribiter. Should my specimens peaces, meet your approbation you can compensate according to custim. Please drop me a line, address

☞ A female Fon-du-Lacer got married barefoot, the other day, for luck. So she pretended; but the fact was that they couldn't get any boots in the village bigger than men's sixteens.

☞ The Chicago Opera House, which is about to Phœnix, will cost $400,000, and be one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the country.

☞ A man with a looking-glass under his arm, met a boy, and thought he would be witty at his expense. "Here, boy," said he, "just came and look in this glass and you'll see a monkey." "You don't say, replied the boy—"how did you find that out?"

☞ The Japanese visitors at Washington are great sticklers for etiquette. They particularly requested that all American officials who took part in their reception should wear straw-colored kid gloves.

☞ A traveller lost on a Yorkshire moor, after desperately pursuing a rather hopeless track for some time, had the good fortune to meet a member of a shrewd and plain-speaking sect. "This is the way to York, is it not?" said the traveller. To which the other replied: "Friend, first thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest a question."

☞ A Cleveland youth had to pay fifty dollars before he got clear from the rash action of giving a girl a bottle of "I love you" perfume.

☞ Prince Henry, son of the Crown Prince of the German Empire, has been apprenticed to a bookbinder in Berlin. The *Leipzig Tageblatt* states that the Crown Prince is a compositor, and gives a song which was sung by the men of the office to which he belonged on the occasion of his marriage to the Princess Victoria of England.

☞ "I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

FARMING IN JAPAN.

The Hon. James Brooks writes from Japan: "Proud as I am of the arts, sciences, and marvelous doings of my own country, I blush when I compare American farming with this. Here are the rice-fields artificially created, luxuriant in beauty now, terraced from hill-side, up and down, and watered by the hill streams, or not watered, as the husbandman wills. There are barley-fields and bean-fields, and fields of all sorts of Japan agricultural productions. Forests cap all the hill-tops. Two crops are raised in Japan in one year, even on the rice-fields, where the first crop is grain. The grain harvest is over in April or May. The rains come on in June or July, and now the new crops are up, and the whole is one beautiful landscape of green."

TRUTH.

Monsieur Adolphe Simon was near upon thirty years of age before he felt that he was rich enough to take a wife, yet to be married had been the object of his existence since he had reached man's estate and obtained a situation in the *Ministere des Affaires etrangeres*. With much patience, from twenty to thirty, had M. Simon waited his very gradual and slow promotion, at every advance in his salary adding something to the future home, the model home he was one day to have. First of all he decided that he would not live within the fortifications; he had rural tastes, and besides was deeply tinged with sentiment and romance.

The first thing he did was to buy a lot of ground just two leagues from the walls of Paris. For more than a year the great relaxation of Monsieur Simon was to go out after office hours and contemplate this barren ground, on which his imagination was perpetually raising fantastic edifices.

The house came at last, however, built especially under his direction and according to his own plans—a rustic habitation, that is, what a Parisian, taking his ideas from the pastorals of the opera comique, imagines to be a rustic habitation. But to all who have seen something more than the asphalt pavement of Paris, Monsieur Simon's country-seat looked like a Nuremburg toy, or a baby house from Giroux & Company, in la Rue de Coq. It was painted the tenderest of dove color; it had painted glass in the windows. It had balconies and verandas; it had real China vases in various corners of the garden, two nice little trickling fountains, a nice square bit of lawn, a grotto, a picturesque ruin, freshly-painted brown, very fine yellow gravel in the pathways, and plenty of flowers. Could anything be prettier? Nothing, except perhaps the wife that, having attained the age of thirty, and reached a salary of five thousand francs a year, Monsieur Simon felt authorized in obtaining. Laure Leblond was a young girl who differed in nothing from all other young ladies he had seen in anything except her beauty. You might go to many balls and parties before you found so pretty a creature as Laure. M. Simon was entirely convinced of this, and so set about making inquiries as to fortune, family, etc. Monsieur Simon was not ambitious, so when he discovered that this modest divinity possessed a capital bringing in two thousand francs a year, he got a friend, as is customary in France, to declare his intentions to Laure Leblond's guardian, her uncle (she had neither father nor mother), and being accepted by him, was, of course, not rejected by the lady. Marriage in France is not such a lottery as in other countries. Perhaps when there are shortcomings they are of a more serious nature than in other countries; but there certainly are in France fewer scolding wives, cross wives, jealous wives, snarling wives than anywhere else; whether it is that the national politeness takes the form of good temper, it is difficult to say; but certain it is, however, that good temper is inherently French. French women, too, do their henpecking by coaxing, not by bullying, so that if the husband discovers it, it is too pleasant to resent.

Laure, however, was even something beyond the average of these agreeable wives; she actually, besides her beauty, had a kind, loving heart, and took a violent fancy to her husband from the first. M. Leblond, Laure's guardian, who was rich and generous by fits and starts, gave the young couple ten thousand francs to furnish the pretty baby-house Simon had built for himself and the unknown partner of his existence, so that they began life without debt and with their income clear before them. How happy Laure was! She didn't care much for society, though she knew she was made to shine in it; but she loved her little cottage and everything within and without it, and she adored her husband. Such a husband—he had never missed coming back from his office by the same five o'clock train once since their marriage, now a year and a half ago.

Laure takes as much care of her garden, her gold fish, her pigeons, her two ducks, who sometimes drink up all the water in their very small pond, as if they were all her children or her husband. Her brown hair rolled l'Imperatrice off her forehead, her naukeen dress, braided in black, freshly put on, she runs up and down every alley, keeping an eye on the gate, however, for it is near the time for Adolphe to return. The moment the whistle of the train is heard, that moment the cook puts the vermicelli in the soup; ten minutes after, when Adolphe appears at the gate, the little chambermaid rings the bell, and Monsieur Simon, his official portfolio under one arm, and his wife under the other, triumphantly enters his dining room. It was a very small room, but still it would occasionally hold three or four friends, who always left the cottage with a sigh of envy. After dinner, Mme. Simon would take her husband round her domain, show him the flowers that had last bloomed; show him the pigeons she had tamed; ask him whether he didn't think the ducks grown and the fishes become more golden. Then going back either to the veranda or the drawing-room, according to the season, Simon would tell his wife all the Parisian news, every minute particular about himself, and finally—while she embroidered some surprise present for her husband, of which, pretending not to see them, he watched the progress every day till he knew all the flowers and arabasques by heart—Simon would read some sentimental poetry or the last new novel.

Such was their life—monotonous, if happiness can be called monotonous, and happiness cannot, after all, be monotonous, for the moment the monotony is felt, something is evidently wanting; discontent is dawning and happiness exists no longer. One ripple had alone disturbed the smooth, limpid stream of their existence, but that had quickly passed away.

Adolphe Simon had a younger brother, the exact opposite of himself—extravagant, imprudent, reckless—he was always getting into scrapes. The last he had got into, finding that his brother's weak point was his pretty sister-in-law; he had induced her to get Adolphe's signature to a bill of exchange drawn on a Spanish banker at Bordeaux. Simon the younger had been able to negotiate this bill, his brother's signature being so good, and having received the money in Paris, he wrote a beautiful letter of thanks to his brother and his wife, declaring they had saved him from ruin—a spendthrift is always ruined and always saved to spend and be ruined and saved again when the next crisis comes, bidding them be certain he was going to make a fortune in Spanish railroads and return to France a millionaire. In a postscript he bid them not have the least anxiety with regard to the bill of exchange; of course he should pay that even before it was due.

The happy couple had obeyed him to the letter. They had never even thought once of the bill of exchange—Simon believing his signature had been a mere form, and Laure imagining that as the money was had, why, of course, all was at an end, or something of the kind; but it was no use of her thinking, she knew nothing about such matters at all. Now what could possibly be found to disturb this serenely beautiful life; to bring into this gentle household anxiety, estrangement, falsehood and misery; to make the roses be neglected, to keep the birds and fishes without food? A very common thing—a thing that is heard every day without emotion, a ring at the bell attached to Monsieur Simon's neat little manresque, no it was renaissance—gate.

Laure, who had just bid good-by to her husband, and was lingering with silly fondness for the whistle of the train which bore him away, turned from her gold fishes and opened the gate herself—opened it to a paper which, if the style had been a little modified, the hard, obsolete words taken away, would have read thus, as in the midst of its figurative language it meant: "I am the law, if you don't satisfy me I will take away your cottage, your flowers, your gold fish, your pigeons, and even your liberty; I will separate you from all you love, and I will bring your name to disgrace."

Laure didn't at first understand all this, but the politeness of the law's emissary soon revealed to her that this was the bill of exchange protested and returned to her husband for payment.

Laure's first thought was one of joy that her husband was away; to say nothing of the money, it would have broke the heart of Monsieur Simon to find out that his brother was a rogue. Next she knew that though they had sufficient, they had not one single franc to spare, and she felt that such a blow as this falling on her husband would be to one so methodical, regular, and prudent, almost a death-blow. She thought only of her dear, good husband, and without another idea in her head than this, she turned calmly to the emissary of the law.

"Sir," said she, "Monsieur Simon is from home; he will return too late to-day, but to-morrow he will attend to this."

"Does that mean he will bring the funds?"

"Of course."

"With all the costs as here specified?"

"With the costs."

"Well, mind you are exact, for they will enter judgment against you by twelve o'clock; so it's your own look out."

The emissary of the law made a note on the bill of exchange, and so, without further ceremony, departed.

"Now," said Laure, as she closed the gate and slowly wended her way back to the house, "now what's to be done—where is the money to be found?"

Preoccupied with this thought, Madame Simon proceeded straight to her own room and sat down wearied and perplexed, in front of her dressing-table. There, instinctively, while she was thinking, she raised her eyes to a woman's confidential friend, her looking-glass. And a faithful friend her's proved, and a good counsellor, for, as she glanced at her own image (always a pretty picture), her eyes were especially attracted towards the diamond ear rings clinging close up to the little tiny pink ear, that looked so small beneath the meandering of heavy auburn hair. These ear-rings were the only diamonds she possessed; they had been given her by her uncle on the first anniversary of her marriage, and were, she had heard, of considerable value. There was but one stone in each, set *a jour*, but the stone was large and of the first water.

"Yes," said Laure, "these may be sufficient;" so, much encouraged, she dressed to go to Paris, telling the servant that she should not be home till evening, and departed by the next train. There was a train every quarter of an hour, so she was not kept long waiting. On her way she meditated how she was to proceed. All at once she remembered that they knew a diamond merchant, an Italian, and she determined to confide in him.

M. Leopardi was at home; he was an old man, solitary and uncared for; it was like a breeze of Spring coming to him or anything so young and bright as Laure to visit him. He received her very graciously.

She told her story, and then "you know," said she, "my husband's nervous temperament, his peculiar principles; he really has not the money to pay this, and the anxiety as well as the grief at his brother's conduct would make him wretched and ill. Now, can you help me?"

"By lending you the money?"

"No; by buying these diamonds of me."

Here Laura presented her ear-rings.

"Buy your ear-rings? Yes, they are fine diamonds; yes, I will give you three thousand francs for them; but what right have you to sell them?"

"They are mine."

"My dear, all you possess belongs to your husband. I think you had better tell him the truth."

"No! no! as long as I can save him a sorrow I will. Won't you buy my diamonds?"

"Yes; here are three thousand francs. Wait—here is a receipt; now, read it, and see specified in it the motive which induces you to sell, and the motive which induces me to buy. This is only for your justification in the future."

"What justification shall I ever need?"

"Who knows? You begin to-day with a deception; we don't know where that may lead you. However, as you say you care for the person who gave you these ear-rings, wait. I will take the real ones out of the setting, and put you in imitations that shall deceive every one."

"Deceive! Oh! I don't want to do that."

"You are doing it."

"Monsieur Leopardi! But you won't betray me?"

"No; but you will betray yourself."

Her ardor a little damped, Laure left Monsieur Leopardi; but she had the money in her pocket, and money gives courage; besides, to pay instead of to beg money are two different feelings with two very different effects.

Great was her relief when she had the bill of exchange and the notary's bill in her pocket; she rushed back just in time to meet her husband at the depot, and to go home with him. She had paid two or three visits in town in order to give a reason for her going out, and related with great volubility all the insignificant details of her visit. When her husband simply asked her the question, "Have you been anywhere?" she felt as if it were a judge asking a criminal a question; and blushed up to the eyes. That very evening, as mischance would have it, a rich agent de change, who occupied a splendid fancy edifice near them, much larger than theirs, and constructed in the form of a castle, came to pay them a visit. With the ostentation of men of money, Benazous had diamond studs, a diamond brooch, a diamond ring—in fact, a diamond wherever there was an excuse for putting one. In order to display his own he began talking diamonds.

"Where are your ear-rings, Laure?" said Simon, quite innocent of the pang he was inflicting; "go fetch them."

"What could Laure do but obey."

"They were a present from her uncle; I think they are very fine."

"Are they brighter than your ring, Monsieur Benazous?" said Laure, bending over the agent de change, and pretending to hold her ear-ring by his ring.

"Why, yes; they are—"

"Pray, don't say they are false: pray, do not," contrived to whisper Laure.

Benazous looked up from the bright diamonds to the brighter eyes, looking imploringly at him, and with a gentle pressure of the hand from which she took the ear-ring he said aloud—

"Ahem! they are very fine diamonds—worth a pretty bit of money."

Laure breathed again. Mons. Benazous, as he walked from their cottage to his castle, had an imperial air, and twisted his moustache in a most conquering manner.

"Well," said he, "the little woman has placed herself in my power, though what she means I can't tell; I think no one could deceive me with diamonds; however, I will see to-morrow how things turn out."

Laure was not a little surprised next day at receiving a visit from M. Benazous in the middle of the day; he came all smiles and politeness, with a bouquet of violets in his hand. He talked a great deal of sentimental metaphysical nonsense about confidence, love and friendship; twisted his moustache a great deal. Laure listened patiently, politely; she was afraid not to be polite; she felt herself in his power. At last pressing his lips and his moustache to her hand, he took his leave.

Next day came fruit and flowers from the castle. The third day came Benazous, still more metaphysical, still more insinuating. This time he stayed so long that he met Simon at the gate coming from Paris.

Simon took no notice of his visit, however, seeming unusually preoccupied and silent. The next day he came back at an unusually early hour; Laure was not at the gate, so Simon walked up to the house.

Passing along the veranda he heard his wife's voice in the drawing room.

"Who is with madame?" said he to the servant.

"Who?—why the man who comes almost every day, Monsieur Benazous?"

"What a bore!" thought Simon; but Benazous went away, and he thought no more about it. He seemed ill and out of spirits.

"Laure," said he, "you know how impossible it is for me to endure any worry about money; will you make a sacrifice for me—a temporary one? I have a debt hanging over my head like the sword of Damocles; will you lend me your diamonds for three months? The money I can raise on them will get me out of trouble, and I can—"

"Do not explain," said Laure, turning pale. "If I could I would help you; what do I care for diamonds. I have sold mine; those you saw are false—"

"False! why?" Benazous, he was going to say, but all at once the remembrance of Benazous's visit flashed on him in conjunction with the falsehood he had told about the diamond, and he held his tongue.

He was not any more anxious about money; he was wretched from another and more terrible sorrow. He was jealous. Still, after a long pause, he ventured to say: "Laure, for what purpose could you want such a sum of money?"

Laure blushed and played with her handkerchief. "Why," said she at length, "I have caught the mania for speculation; I bought railroad stock."

"Oh! well, I can get money on that; lend me the coupons."

"I haven't got them."

"You haven't got them?" Simon made no other remark, but Laure felt he did not believe her, and turned from him in silence.

"Great powers!" said Simon to himself, "am I mistaken in Laure, or was she mistaken in me? Has she discovered I am not worthy of her? Can she—no—I will not suspect her."

But spite of all his noble resolutions, Simon, when he had been some hours in Paris, could not resist the temptation to come back, aye, to come back by stealth, too, to watch his wife. Nor had he to watch. Letting himself in with his key, he stole up to the house and listened, actually listened under the drawing-room window. Benazous was there, and what was more, Laure was sobbing, Benazous consoling her. Poor Laure! agitated and alarmed at her husband's manner, and by her own secret, she had not been able to dry her tears before Benazous had arrived, and she listened to his consolations almost without hearing them.

"Ah!" she at length sobbed out, "why did I ever deceive my husband?"

Simon heard no more. He was not a fighting man, but he was a man of honor; he resolved never to see his wife again, but not to disgrace her.

Stealing away, he paused in the village, wrote a few lines to Laure, and then took the train for Paris.

"Laure," said his letter, "I know all. I will never see you again."

Laure was alone when she received this letter. It drove her nearly wild. Go to her uncle—go to Paris—go—what was she to do? where was she to go? To her uncle, of course. But before she could leave her house her uncle was by her side.

"Madame," said he, "what do you mean? How dare you betray the honor of two honest families? Your husband, too, you have nearly killed him?"

"Oh! where is he?"

"At my house. I insisted on his remaining there—if you had seen the state he was in."

"But I am innocent. Take me to him—take me to him."

"Can you justify yourself?"

"I can."

"Come, then."

Monsieur Simon turned away from her as she knelt beside his bed; for he was exceedingly ill and in a high fever.

"But I am innocent."

"'Innocent!' did I not hear you say? 'I have deceived my husband.' Were you not weeping?"

"I have deceived you."

"Shameless woman."

"No, not shameless; guilty, guilty of falsehood."

"About Benazous."

"Not about Benazous, but about money."

"About money?"

"About my diamonds. I did sell them."

"Well, so you said—"

"But I sold them for you."

Then Laure told Simon all she had done—all about the bill of exchange—all about M. Leopardi.

"Is this true? How, then, came Benazous to say the diamonds were real?" said Simon, not at all grateful, but still fearing she was again deceiving him.

"Send for Leopardi."

"Leopardi came, armed with the prudent receipt he had made Laure sign. He confirmed all Laure had said—"

"Now, child," said he, "take your receipt."

"But I have not the money to redeem the diamonds."

"You have the diamonds. I never took them out. I am an old friend of your husband's, and would have lent him the money, but I saw you were entering on a dangerous path, and I resolved to make you feel the pangs and punishments of deception."

"Then I am not in Benazous's power? He said nothing but the truth!"

"Nothing. Your fear of a discovery put you in his power, by the seeming to make an accomplice of him."

"Now—now we shall be so happy. Adolphe, you don't mind the money and all this about your brother, do you?"

"The money—my brother—ah! Laure, all the suffering of my life could not equal that one moment when I heard you say—'I have deceived my husband—'"

"Ah! children, I am an old man. I may preach. Life is a labyrinth—so complicated, even with love and honor for guides, that without the clue there is no getting through it."

"And the clue is—"

"Truth."

☞ The feat of "Herr Holtum, the Prussian Hercules," who is astonishing the British by catching a ball fired from a cannon, is said to be neither novel nor difficult. The fact is that about two ounces of powder are placed in the gun, then the ball is rammed home, then the balance of the charge is put in. When the gun is fired all the powder is ignited, and the flash, smoke and report are orthodox, but the ball receives propulsion only from the small quantity of powder behind it, and is thrown but a few feet.

☞ It is fashionable in New York now for coachmen to wear gloves of the same color as their horses, but we are not informed just what they do when the team don't match.

A Word With Labor Reformers.

Two men—we will call them Nokes and Strang—came of age nearly at the same time. They were then worth exactly the clothes they stood in—say $25 each—but had about average intellects, fair constitutions, good health, a decent common school education, and a tolerable knowledge of ordinary farm-work. They soon hired out for $15 per month each, with board and washing, and were accounted good hands. Nokes saved his hour and his earnings, spending nothing for indulgences; Strang took a day out now and then, drank and smoked and danced, as most men will, resolved to "live as he goes along." At the year's end, each had more and better clothing than at the outset; but Nokes had $100 in cash laid by, with $10 in his pocket, while Strang had three or four in his pocket and nothing put aside "for a rainy day." They now hired again, at a little better wages, and so on; Strang marrying at 23, and thenceforth being constrained to closer calculation and greater economy, whereby, what with cares and children, he just kept and keeps his chin above water; while Nokes, marrying at 27, had $1000 drawing interest, besides enough in hand to buy what he must to fit up a frugal home. Twenty years later, Nokes had a good farm, well stocked, with $2000 at interest and every comfort about him, so that he is considered worth $40,000, and at length begins to take the world more easily: while Strang, the same man he ever was, has accumulated half a dozen children and their duds, but very little else. You can find just such men as each of these (but more like Strang than like Nokes) in almost any rural township, in any village or ward. In fact, mankind may fairly be divided into a small class of Nokeses and one much larger of Strangs.

Now the difference in these men's estates was not made by banks, or tariffs, or charters, or monopolies, or anything of the kind. Any of these or all of them may have helped Nokes or hindered him, as you will; but the groundwork of his success was in himself; and so with Strang's comparative failure. We know that bad government may discourage thrift and so reduce the proportion of the thrifty; but it has pleased God to endow some men with the instinct of saving, which others are born without; so the former amass wealth and the latter do not. So it was from the beginning; so it will be, unless human nature changes, to the end of time. We are not arguing that Nokes is a wiser or a better man than Strang. That is not the point. What we deem unconsidered and unrealized by the majority is this: It is the interest of all, including the poorest, that there should be more and more men like Nokes and fewer like Strang.

Nokes, you say, is selfish and purse-proud: he makes money his god, and misses the good of life in order to scrape together wealth which he does not enjoy, and from which his children will derive no real benefit. Well; admit it. But mankind are richer for the wealth he has created and saved; his farm, his house, his stock, will be left to us though he be taken away. Nay, more; from the hour he became a capitalist, he ceased to be a competitor for employment, and became a provider of employment for those who, but for his rise, might have sought in vain. To make his home what it is, he has bought thousands of days' labor from ditchers, stone-pickers, fence-makers, muck-diggers, &c., &c.; the construction of his better house has made work for cellar-diggers, brick-makers, masons, lumbermen, carpenters, furnishers, &c., &c.; he has thus (without intending it, if you say so) been a benefactor to labor: and nine-tenths of the wealth he has amassed will remain to benefit others after he has done with it. But *all* been like Nokes the most luckless among us would have been born to a more desirable lot in life than is actually enjoyed by a quarter of us.

It does seem to us that these elemental truths are not duly considered. Too many seem to regard the tireless worker and frugal saver as though he were a public enemy. Too many talk and act as though thrift were presumptive evidence of wrong—that, because some get rich by extortion and rascality, none acquire wealth in any honest way. Hence projects which seem calculated to reduce labor to a minimum and fix a brand upon all who work hard that they may bequeath comfort and opportunity to their children. It seems clear to us that not only is this mistaken, but that the class who would suffer most, if all were henceforth to eschew saving and live for the passing day, would be the needy poor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SOME OLD DRESSES.

There have been many exquisite costumes in vogue in olden times that we might imitate, if we cannot invent better ones. Perhaps one of the most elegantly shaped dresses ever seen was that worn in Edward III.'s reign—a plain gown fitting the figure, cut in one almost from the low throat to the end of the train. The sleeves were a variation of that sensible old Spanish hanging sleeve, which was originally meant as an upper sleeve, to be slipped upon the arm for out-door wear, and slipped off for lightness' sake within doors, when it hung as a simple ornament from the shoulder; open from the top, with loops and buttons along the edge for closing it upon the arm, partly or entirely, as the wearer chose; for sometimes it was closed downward to the elbow, sometimes at the lower part only, leaving the middle part open, to show the under-sleeve, which was a close one, reaching the hand, and decorated with cuffs or curious needle-work.

This graceful dress saw the birth and death of many enormities in the way of head-gear and foot-gear, and survived the great period of horns, borrowed from the East and exaggerated, and of long-pointed shoes, which at last dragged their slow length up to the garter. It gave place after a time to the hideous but convenient farthingale, which, while courts are immoral, always will come in again and again for the same reasons, and which grew more and more monstrous until, about 1615, it went out for a time, and was gradually replaced by the picturesque and graceful negligence which characterized the court of Charles II., and which Lely has immortalized.

The Puritan rigidity of taste and hatred of frivolity, whose stiff and formal costume we see preserved in the uniforms of some charity schools in our own day, had doubtless a powerful influence upon the dress of the period, though throughout the troubles of the Protectorate there were many who adhered, in spite of everything, to the old fashions of long hair and laced collars, and were ever ready to exclaim, with Sir Toby Belch, "What, dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Exclusive of the Puritan costume pure and simple, this general feeling was probably instrumental in exterminating the great wheel farthingale and stiff colored ruff still worn during Charles I.'s reign, and traces of Puritanism may be seen even in the loose and voluminous dresses of 1660.

In William III.'s reign the costumes were still picturesque, though they had run to the opposite extreme of starch and buckram, and though, as women will be women, they from time to time burst into abnormal and uncomfortable extravagances—such as imitations of male attire, shooting crests, and unearthly wigs; and though hoops had time to appear again (1740) in a huger and more ridiculous shape than ever the old farthingale had assumed (being, in addition to their enormous width, often of eight yards) caught up on each side, and drawn in behind and before, so as richly to merit the witty nickname of the time, *l'une avec deaux paniers*, from the similar appearance of a lady to that oppressed animal, yet the buckram was the parent of the most beautiful (in its perfect state) costume that ever set off a beautiful woman—the dress immortalized by Watteau—sacques, trains and powder.

ANTIQUITY OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

A most remarkable book, which cannot fail to have much interest for others besides professed astronomers, has lately been published in England. It is entitled "Observations on Comets, from B. C. 611 to A. D. 1640," and is by Mr. John Williams, assistant secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society. The portion of the book most interesting to general readers will be the introductory remarks on subjects which have occurred relating to Chinese astronomy. If we may trust the antiquity of the books from which the information is gained—and Mr. Williams sees no reason to consider them less trustworthy than the early histories of any countries—the Chinese possessed considerable astronomical knowledge in very ancient times. It must, however, be borne in mind that the correctness of the account given entirely depends upon the degree of credence to be placed in the "Shoo King"—one of their five classical works—which is considered by the Chinese as their most ancient book, and we know it was revised by Confucius about the sixth century B. C. Its antiquity is not only believed in by the Chinese themselves, but by some of the best European scholars, and is borne out by its archaic style and construction. Mr. Williams mentions several tests by which the accuracy of these accounts may be verified. One of the most interesting is the following: "In the Chinese annals it is recorded that in the reign of Chuen Kuh, the grandson of Hwang Te, in the spring of the year, on the first day of the first moon, a conjunction of the five planets occurred in the heavens in Ying Shih. Ying Shih, or as it is more usually denominated Shih, is one of the twenty-eight stellar divisions determined by *a*, *b*, and other stars in Pegasus, extending north and south from Cygnus to Piscis Australis, and east and west seventeen degrees, and comprising parts of our signs Capricornus Aquarius. The Emperor Chuen Kuh is said to have reigned seventy-eight years, from B. C. 2513 to 2436, and to have died in his ninety-fifth year; and from modern computations—I believe by M. Bailly, the French Astronomer—it has been ascertained that a conjunction of the five planets actually did take place about the time and within the limits indicated—that is, on the 29th of September, 2449 B. C., being the sixty-fifth year of Chuen Kuh. Should this, on further investigation, prove correct, it will afford a strong presumption of the authenticity of the early Chinese annals, as there is no appearance of their astronomers having been at any time able to compute the places of the planets so far back, and the account is found in works published long before any intercourse with Europeans had taken place."

WISE JOURNALISTS.

Harrisburg Situated on the Schuylkill River.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, of Tuesday, March 5, says:—We find in the New York Times of yesterday a paragraph which demonstrates very clearly that there is in that office a prevalent belief that Harrisburg reposes upon the banks of the Schuylkill. It says:

"A correspondent, who lately paid a visit to Harrisburg, Pa., gives a very doleful account of its sanitary condition. He says that there is authority for the statement that some ten thousand persons are now suffering from a disease which has its source in the waters of the Schuylkill. Upon the banks of this river there are scores of factories and dye-houses, whose refuse mingles together and flows with the current into the houses of Harrisburg. * * * Philadelphia, it appears, suffers, to a certain extent, in a like manner. From the Schuylkill that city also draws its water supply. So far, however, the attention of the physicians in the latter city has not been called to the matter with the same degree of interest as at Harrisburg."

This is painful. It is even more distressing than the account given by the Times, the other day, of a trip made by a steamboat on the Missouri, in 1785, a number of years before steamboats were invented. When we think of the deplorable ignorance of the commonest facts of geography which must exist before an editor can write such miserable stuff, and before a managing editor can admit it to his columns, we contemplate the claim of these people to the title of "metropolitan journalists" with amusement. In this town any assistant editor who perpetrated such a blunder about the most obscure negro village upon the banks of the Niger, would be spanked and sent back to school.

A "GOOD DINNER" AT SEA.

A correspondent who has lately been to Europe, doesn't think much of high living, if one has to take it on the "high seas." He has facts on his side, too:—

"Everybody has heard of the princely style of living on the Cunard steamers. But what are four meals a day, with a dinner which requires an hour and a-half to go through the courses, to one who is nauseated at the sight even of the most delicious dish? The attempt to keep up style is a melancholy farce after the first day. Only the captain and the few who have 'travelled the seas over,' really enjoy these meals.

"There is an atmosphere of brine, or steaming oil, or something peculiar to the close cabins of steamships, which permeates everything, and it is my impression that it is this nauseating smell which produces half the seasickness. It would make one sick on land to live in it three days.

"During rough weather, and indeed at all times, for the ocean is never quiet and the great vessel never ceases to roll, sitting at the table is a ludicrous experience. The dishes are fenced on by fastening four strips of mahogany about three inches high lengthwise with the tables, with occasional cross-pieces. Castors and glasses hang from a swinging-shelf above. Frequently a lurch of the vessel sends crockery and contents upon one side of the table, and sometimes in your lap, while the return roll takes them back to the other side decidedly mixed.

"It was not an uncommon sight to see a waiter on the cabin floor carving a turkey upon a platter which he was steadying between his knees. It was so cold that most of the passengers wore overcoats or shawls at their meals. Such is 'style' on the high seas in a regular Canarders."

The History of a National Remedy.—Here is the history of the most celebrated tonic of the age in a nutshell. In 1860 it was announced that a certain combination of vegetable ingredients, with a pure diffusive stimulant, was working wonders in the cure of chronic dyspepsia, nervous debility, liver complaint, periodical fevers, rheumatism and constitutional weakness. The unpretending name given to the specific was PLANTATION BITTERS. The statement attracted the attention of invalids everywhere. The new remedy received a fair trial, and the results more than confirmed all that had been said in its praise. Thenceforward it was a grand success. The business columns of the press spread the glorious news far and wide, and the martyrs to indigestion, biliousness, physical prostration, and premature decay, as if by common consent, sought relief from the new vegetable restorative. *They found what they sought.* From that time to the present the increase in the demand for Plantation Bitters has been one of the most striking events in this age.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in *Drafts* or *Checks*, *payable to our order.*

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R. R. R.

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Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

ap22-tf

What Dyspepsia May End In.

Indigestion is not dangerous, say the faculty. Perhaps not in itself, while it remains mere indigestion; but look at the consequences to which it may lead, and often does lead when it becomes a chronic disease. A spark of fire is a small thing. A pressure of the foot will put it out; a breath will extinguish it. Yet it may fire a powder mill, or kindle a flame that will consume a city. In like manner, indigestion may produce gastritis, cancer of the stomach, congestion of the bowels, apoplexy, liver disease, and many other dangerous maladies. Is it not wise, then, to check it in the germ? Nothing is more clearly and indisputably established than that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will eradicate dyspepsia in all its stages. The true policy, however, is to extinguish it in the first stages with this wholesome, powerful, and infallible tonic and alterative. It is easier to quench a spark than a flame, and it is easier to cure dyspepsia when it is first developed, than when it has made headway by neglect, and become complicated with other ailments. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the bitters are as directly antagonistic to dyspepsia as water is to fire. There are thousands of cases on record proving this fact. The remedy is safe and agreeable. All the liquors of commerce prescribed as stimulants leave a sting behind. But the sting is taken out of the spirituous basis of this great remedy by vegetable medication, and moreover, the stimulant thus medicated is of exceptional purity. Of all tonics taken as safeguards or remedies for fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other epidemics, it is the only one that can uniformly be depended on. march2-tm

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Barnett's Kalliston will impart a *clear, soft* and *beautiful* hue to the skin.

☞ GETTING CAUTIOUS.—The Cleveland saloon keepers secure the photographs of men whose wives do not permit them to drink, and keep galleries of them. When a customer enters, the barkeeper looks through his album, and sees whether or not the customer's face is good.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our *club* terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine constantly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies,	- - - -	$6.00
8 "	(and one to getter-up of club,) -	12.00
14 "	do. do. do. do. -	20.00
20 "	do. do. do. do. -	28.00
50 "	do. do. do. do. -	65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order.*

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NEW MONTHLY PAPER.—THE AMERICAN JOURNALIST is the title of a new monthly paper, published by Coe, Wetherill & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 607 Chestnut street. It is very well edited by Edwin T. Freedley—and contains matter interesting to the press and the advertising public.

HOW TO MAKE FIREPROOF BUILDINGS.

Thoroughly burned bricks which are made of a good quality of clay, laid up in first-rate lime mortar made of caustic lime and clean sand, will make a wall which will endure, with little or no injury, all the heat that can be produced by burning any dwelling-house or other building close by its side. Let us contemplate for a moment the intense heat to which the brick wall of a drain-tile kiln, or the kiln of an earthen pottery, is exposed. The brick walls of such kilns are exposed for several days and nights to a heat more intense than would be produced by the burning-down of any large edifice; yet such walls continue serviceable for a long time. Were they built of bricks that have not been thoroughly burn d, and with mortar in which there is much clay and vegetable earth, the walls would scarcely endure the protracted heat requisite to burn the contents of a single kiln. The huge ovens at large bakeries are made of bricks of the best quality, laid up in mortar made of clean sand and the best quality of caustic lime. Besides this, when the mason-work is being performed every brick is sprinkled with water until the pores are pretty well filled, so that the water held in the mortar may not be absorbed by the dry bricks as soon as they are laid. By laying bricks that are nearly full of water, in such mortar as has been alluded to, the process of drying and consolidating will be retarded to such an extent that the mortar will take hold of the bricks, and the consolidation will be so complete that a wall will be formed, which, in its capacity to resist intense heat, will be nearly equal to a wall of one continuous block of clay burned uniformly to the condition of a cherry-red brick.

From the foregoing familiar examples, experienced architects can readily perceive what are the essential requisites in erecting a fireproof building. When bricks of an inferior quality are laid up in poor mortar—in mortar made of loam, clay, vegetable earth, and air and slaked lime—the heat evolved during the burning of a building near it will usually reduce the structure to powder. Granite walls, brown-stone fronts, marble facing, and most other sorts of stone, will crack, crumble, and disintegrate before a large burning edifice is half consumed. But an architectural structure, the walls of which are made of good hard bricks and excellent mortar, as has been alluded to, will stand unharmed even the intense heat of a Chicago conflagration. In addition to substantial brick walls, a building cannot be considered fireproof unless the windows are provided with outside shutters which will endure the intense heat of a burning building. Shutters made of thick sheet iron or plate iron, even half an inch in thickness, would soon be heated to redness, so that the wooden casings, bars and stiles of the window-sashes would readily take fire. Fireproof shutters could be made of brick-clay, say three or four inches in thickness, which would be a perfect security against any fire that might occur outside the walls of a building. The clay for such shutters could be moulded in flasks hooked together at the corners, so that the parts could be removed without marring the edges and corners. One side of the shutters—or even both sides—could be moulded to represent panels, stiles, and bars. As iron hinges would melt if of cast iron, or would bend if made of wrought iron, when exposed to a great heat, the proper way to provide for hinges would be to make holes in the clay near one corner at the bottom and top for iron dowel-pins, one end of which should enter a hole in a large shoulder-piece made of burned clay, set in the wall with the bricks. By this arrangement, such clay shutters would be thrown open and be made to turn back flatly against the wall; and, when closed, they would cover the window-ways and door-ways so completely that the sashes, glass and doors would not be injured by a fire outside. Intense heat might crack some of the shutters; yet they would protect the wood-work from being burned, and the cash cost of new ones would not equal the expense of wooden shutters.

A fireproof roof is not so readily made as the walls; yet the asbestos roofing material, which is employed extensively for roofing purposes, will endure an intense heat unharmed. Perhaps there is no other roofing material now in use that will stand the fury of a raging fire so long as this; yet a roof may be rendered thoroughly fireproof by first covering the foundation with felting and asbestos, then laying a course of hard bricks in good cement mortar over the entire roof. Brick-tiles one foot square would be preferable to bricks. It would be utterly impossible for any fire from an adjoining building to damage the roof when covered by brick-tiles two inches thick.

The cornice should be made of bricks, and of ornamental pieces made of clay properly burned. Window-sills and caps should also be made of clay properly burned; and they would be much cheaper than stone or iron. A fire that would melt iron sills, or disintegrate stone sills would seldom injure sills of burnt clay.—*Industrial Monthly.*

☞ An American, who happened to be in the south of France during the recent extreme cold weather, astonished the natives by appearing on the ice with a pair of *skates*. People flocked from the neighborhood for miles, and lined the shores by thousands to witness the novel sight of his evolutions.

☞ "Got any of this ernishel stationary?" asked a native of a country shopkeeper the other day. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "what letter will you have?" Ain't pertikler; one's good's another," answered the easily satisfied customer, who was given a package marked "V." that had been in stock some time.

THE RECALL.

Come back, O come!
My heart is weary with thy long delay
There is no sweetness in the summer day,
No sound of music in the Robin's call,
No benediction in the twilight's fall,
The starry heavens are dark, and all
The earth is dumb.

Come back to me!
I miss thy presence as the blossoms miss
The beauty of the sun's awakening kiss;
What favoring gales are to becalmed ships,
What cooling draughts to fever parched lips,
What the strong hand to him who faints and slips,
Thou art to me.

Ah! I have loved
To dream of thee through the long, solemn even;
As weary pilgrims dream of rest and heaven;
To feel through all my loneliness and dread,
The thought of thee run like a golden thread,
Or some sweet poem thy dear lips have read,
My best beloved!

Come back, O come!
Come with thy smile, to light the summer day,
Come with thy love to glorify the way,
Come with thy tender charm of touch and tone,
Come with thy presence, which shall well atone
For all the sadness which my heart hath known
Come back, beloved!

WHAT THE SHAKERS BELIEVE.

Their primary principles are. "Faith, hope, honesty, continence, innocence, symplicity, meekness, prudence, patience, thankfulness, and charity." A virgin life is strictly believed to be essential to a true follower of Christ; only the children of the world marry and are given in marriage.

A true Believer's union is spiritual, and needs no fleshly support. Their parentage is spiritual, and produces no fleshly offspring. Their inheritance is spiritual, and cannot be controlled by human laws. Their temporal property, which is necessary for the support of the body while in life, is regulated by a sacred compact. By mutual agreement it is consecrated to religious uses, for the benefit of the whole body, and descends to their spiritual heirs.

The first gospel dispensation appeared in the male, in the person of Jesus Christ. The second gospel dispensation was manifested in the female, and is the second appearance of Christ in the person of Ann Lee, in which appearing the woman as well as the man is restored to her proper lot and order in the new creation.

The society do not believe that death is the closing scene of man's probation for eternity. The doctrine of a probationary state beyond the grave was explicitly taught by Mother Ann Lee, the spiritual head and founder of the sect.

Confession is maintained to be the only method whereby one can be cleansed from his sins; and this infallible key to Heaven—so long and so much abused in the church of Antichrist—was renewed in all its purity at the commencement of the United Society. Those who have no opportunity in this world of embracing the gospel of Christ's second appearing in the female, it is believed, will have it offered to them in the next, with the other dogmas of their faith. But awful, awful will be the sentence on those souls who, having this privilege, reject it in this world; and they alone of all God's creatures are forever and eternally lost, who, having once embraced Shakerism, turn away and become reprobates.

The Shakers believe in a dual God—"a Father, fountain of wisdom and power, and a Mother, fountain of goodness and love." They believe in direct divine communication—"the revelation from the first parents of all souls not only to the man Jesus, but to Mother Ann Lee as the first-born of humanity in the female line in modern times."

Woman's rights are fully recognized by giving her a mother in Deity. Equal suffrage and equal participation in the government of an order founded by a woman is an inevitable sequence.

The ministers live in a house by themselves. The power vested in them is absolute. They make all the appointments; each succeeding minister is appointed by his predecessor. They claim the true apostolic succession, or "holy annointing" from Mother Ann and the first fathers and mothers in the church, which is the Millennial Church.

Every member has access to the confessional at all times, but there is one day in the year especially set apart as a "season for fasting and confession." It occurs about the thanksgiving period in the New England States. It is invariably appointed for a Sabbath day—whether to save time, or from the fact that bread and salt are not very substantial articles of food to labor upon, it does not appear. The ordinary services are dispensed with, and the day seemed to us children interminable. While the world's people were feasting on thanksgiving fare, we were ruminating the bitter food of reflection.

For social purposes there is a "retiring house," which is occupied evenings and Sundays by the brethren and sisters. Here are the sitting rooms wherein to wait for a few minutes, until all descend together and in order to the dining-hall. The sleeping apartments are in the same building, situated on either side of long corridors. The rooms to the right as you enter are devoted to the use of sisters; the opposite ones belong to the brethren. Four or five persons occupy the same suite, which consists of the sleeping-room, leading to a clothes-room and bath-room. Shaker neatness and cleanliness are proverbial.

On Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings an hour is devoted to a "union prayer meeting." Then the brethren and sisters living in opposite apartments meet for conversation. Each sex sits in a long row facing the other, about five feet apart, to enjoy this "feast of reason and flow of soul." Anecdotes are related, and poetry is repeated, provided it is original or by another Believer, for "world's poetry" is tabooed, lest it might contain sentiments of love. New songs which have been sent by other societies are learned, and visitors discussed, and perhaps criticized by a young brother or sister, who are sharply reproved by their seniors as not competent to pass judgment; but stocks, bonds, real estate, the gold board, and politics are especially forbidden.

In the large hall above the refectories evening services are held on Wednesday Thursday and Saturday evenings of every week, and on stormy Sundays when the meeting-house is not opened.—*Galaxy.*

DOLLY VARDENS.

Dolly Varden, the fortunate young lady after whom the fashionable dress for next summer is named, was the charming daughter of a London locksmith, Gabriel Varden by name, and lived in the reign of George the Third. She afterwards became Mrs. Joe Willett. The New York Mail, which answers a correspondent on the subject, says: "For further information we would refer our inquirer to a certain book of reference called 'Barnaby Rudge,' written by one Charles Dickens, an author of some local reputation. Whether the lady in question was given to wearing materials of a startling loud character in color and pattern this deponent has no knowledge nor information sufficient to form a belief. About a year ago, however, some inspired modiste rechristened what were then known as 'cretonnes,' and called them 'Dolly Vardens.' The name was at first confined to chintzes, but it spread to other materials. At a late dry goods exposition 'Dolly Varden' silks were exhibited, and now whole costumes, whose like was never seen on sea or shore, are named after the charming and coquettish little daughter of a London locksmith."

Gushers and Non-committals.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA WHEELER.

DEAR POST:—A great deal is being said now-a-days through the press, and by individuals, concerning enthusiastic people commonly called "Gushers."

That means, I suppose, people who go into ecstacies of delight over everything that happens. People who use a great many strong adjectives, and delight in flowery and high-wrought descriptions of little things. The young lady Gusher says, "Oh, isn't that lovely! isn't it a perfect little beauty," when she looks at her friend's new bonnet, parasol, or dress. And when she hears the new minister preach she says, "Oh, isn't he perfectly splendid! I could just sit for hours and listen to his bursts of divine eloquence." And, when a new beau makes his appearance, she declares him "a perfect little jewel, with a perfectly splendid moustache." And she declares that her most intimate lady friend is "the sweetest creature in existence," and she would just like to "smother her with kisses." When she has listened to a lecture she says she "was fairly spell-bound, and would walk five miles any time to hear such a lecture, and that it was the finest thing of the kind she ever heard." And when she has attended a party or ball she always declares that she "never enjoyed herself so well before in all her life," and she will say the same every day for a month, until one would be led to wonder how long her powers of enjoyment would last, or to what extent they could be stretched. She is always seeing some person who is the "handsomest creature she ever set eyes on," and when she exhausts all other adjectives upon any of these subjects, she falls back upon the time-honored "perfectly splendid."

The young man Gusher thinks everything he sees or hears is "superb," "magnificent," "grand," "glorious." His sweetheart, albeit she is a little dumpling of a girl, he calls a "magnificent woman." His boon companion is a "glorious fellow." The theatre is "superb," the opera "grand." The new belle's singing is "heavenly." And numerous things are "past describing."

Well, now, I hear a great deal said about these people, individually and collectively; whole buckets of sarcasm are emptied upon their defenceless heads, and fire balls of wit are thrown at them.

They are sometimes tiresome, these Gushers, I will confess. If you feel tired, or cross, or stupid, they bore you, and their rhapsodies exasperate you. Yet they are far more endurable to me than the other extremists. Give me the society of a "Gusher" at any, at all times, in preference to a "Non-committal," one who never expresses any pleasure, any delight, in fact any emotion whatever. If there is anything I truly and generously detest, it is a person, who, after listening to a fine lecture or sermon, if asked to express an opinion, drawls, "Oh, it did very well—was quite passable." And then puts on a bored expression, to convince you that he or she has not condescended to feel any interest in so trivial an affair.

Rather give me the Gusher, who declares with sparkling eyes, that a really tedious discourse has been "perfectly delightful." The latter, we feel, has something within him, some well-spring of pleasure that overflows the heart and makes all things seem enjoyable. While the "Non-committal," with his listless air and bored demeanor, assures us that his mind is so contracted, his thoughts self-centred, his heart so dried up, that nothing less than an earthquake could awaken any emotion in him.

The "Non-committal" will gaze at a face of exquisite beauty, and if questioned, will admit, possibly, that it is "quite pretty." Will listen to the most entrancing music, with a supercilious air of indifference, and admit it sounds "quite well," frequently adding, "for the place," which will lead people to think that he has heard so much better music, in so much larger places, that he is quite unable to come down to the standard of this.

The young lady or woman, N. C., will look at a friend's garment, a dress, or shawl, perhaps of extreme beauty and richness, and will remark that it looks "very well indeed—for the kind," which will lead you to think she is accustomed to seeing things far beyond it.

The young man, N. C., will attend a ball, or opera, that has been the nine-days talk, and when asked how he enjoyed himself yawn, "oh—passably." This is to convince people that he is so accustomed to affairs of the kind that he cannot feel much interest in them. And so it is with everything they do or say, and that is why I declare the "Gushers" by far the more agreeable of the two classes, and the "Non-Committals" the most hateful, exasperating, disagreeable, self-conceited, self-centred, weak-brained, silly-minded people in existence. Which is strong language I know, Mr. Post; but if you have had any experience with these people, you will feel that the subject calls for the language.

LOVE.

Selections from George Eliot.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is not so—whether of woman or child, or art or music? Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being past and present in one unspeakable vibration; melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learned lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves of a woman's cheek and neck and arms, by the liquid depth of her beseeching eyes, or the sweet childish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music; what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them; it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this *impersonal* expression in beauty (it is needless to say that there are gentlemen with whiskers dyed and undyed who see none of it whatever), and, for this reason, the noblest nature is often the most blinded to the character of the one woman's soul that the beauty clothes. Whence, I fear, the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers who are ready with the best recipes for avoiding all mistakes of the kind.

The first sense of mutual love excludes other feelings; it will have the soul all to itself.

Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles beneath our glance, as if she were a bud that opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with ever-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places.

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, so few about our later love? Are their first poems their best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.

SPRING FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The season advances apace, and while Nature is making her quiet preparations for display, and may come out any fine day in her fresh trimmings—her tassels and fringes of dainty green and brown, it behooves us ladies to consider seriously how we shall appear on that same fine day to harmonize with the landscape. It is no trifle, I assure you, when the first choice Sunday that may come in March finds a woman without seasonable raiment. Who likes to be a discordant feature in the charming brightness of a Spring morning? When old Earth is putting on her touches of ornament, here, there and everywhere,—new things that never have seen the light before—shall we step forth in last year's duds? Forbid it, most potent Fashion!

Our Spring suits then, if not already prepared, must be got up, presto! in double-quick time, as if they grew on the bushes of Miss Ingelow's fairy land. And our planning and working should have the secrecy of Nature's operations, that we may please as she does, startling the eyes of admiring lookers-on with sudden delightful surprises, as impromptu in effect as if indeed plucked, all ruffled and ribboned, from those miraculous bushes. To condescend to details, the polonaise will be worn, of course; it is too exactly the thing, for convenient dressing and for elegant display, not to have as long a reign as fickle fashion ever allows. The novel feature through the spring and summer will be the Dolly Varden polonaise. It will surely be worn with a rush, judging by the lovely patterns in foulard and chintz, in cretonne and organdy, displayed in the shop windows. Who could resist those exquisite rose-buds and pansies and forget-me-nots upon a delicate gray or buff ground? The effect is perfectly *ravissante*. One can actually stand and gaze, as in a picture gallery or a flower garden: such a delight to the eye are the graceful natural forms, the soft rich colors and their harmonious combinations.

These gay Dolly Vardens have been worn over black skirts, but in the coming mild weather the light colors, dainty buffs and grays, and etherial sunset greens, and pale blues and rose-tints, that form the ground of the polonaise, will be worn in solid color for the underskirt. An additional reason for popularity, besides the intrinsic fascination of this costume, will be the natural reaction from the sombre mourning garb that has thrown its shadow over all the land, so absolutely fashionable that ladies have apologized for appearing on the street in anything but black. It could hardly be otherwise with all France and Germany in deepest mourning; but the year is out—let light and color take a turn.

In these polonaises the waist is lined, but not the skirt; ruffles of the material are the most airy and graceful trimming, but if it is a wash material, a chintz or percale, and as convenience is the first consideration, cut the edge in scallops or points, and bind; the laundress will bless your simplicity.

The cheapness of summer goods is one of their irresistible points. French calico, a yard wide, figured with delicate trailing vines or brilliant blossoms, is only forty to fifty cents a yard; rich cretonnes, eighty cents and upwards; those charming organdies, for summer days, in black or white grounds, with such natural flowers, only ninety cents. These are all wash goods. Then there is a new soft foulard, twenty-four inches wide, the very thing for a stylish Dolly Varden, two dollars a yard. The French and English fashion authorities talked extensively of foulard last season. The signs are that it is now to have a run in this country. A fine silk tissue called *mousseline soie*, the most convenient of all elegant materials for hot weather, as it is light and airy and always ready to put on, is brought out in the same brilliant tints at about two dollars.

In plainer fabrics for travelling suits there is linen chambery, yard wide, in pale browns and grays, at thirty-seven and a half cents; good mohair alpacas, of lustrous black, at a dollar a yard; (it is not worth while to buy cheaper, in appearance and wear the good article proves itself more economical), and where coolness is particularly desired, the light thin linen called vatiste, in its natural gray and brown tints. For really handsome suits there is silk pongee, in tasteful, lady-like tints, at two dollars and fifty cents, and higher. We have seen some indications that black grenadines and bernanies will again be trimmed with color, as formerly. So trimmed, those materials make a pretty evening dress, while plainly made they are too sombre. In this and several other fashions the Parisians show a disposition to lead us over what is old ground to us, but has the fascination of novelty to them, their siege having cheated them out of the gayety at its first origination.

For trimmings, fringe and lace are still popular; for buff and white wash goods, white linen guipure. The generality of costumes are now corded at the edges, and the new spring dresses are almost, without exception, scolloped or vandyked. These *dents*, as the French term them, vary in design, but on the petticoats they are invariably very narrow and very long, most frequently of a leaf-like form. The pointed *dents* or vandykes are only used in rows one above the other—three rows on one petticoat—and the point of the upper vandyke falls into the hollow of the one below it.

At present, people wear small sleeveless talmas over their polonaises, but with warmer weather these will be discontinued, and the polonaises will remain uncovered, or the double cape without a polonaise will form a convenient addition for the street.

Black lace bonnets are a favorite kind. They are generally becoming, and the flowers that adorn them are beautifully natural.

MAYFAIR.

☞ M. De Lome, of Paris, has made a balloon which, it is asserted, can be guided absolutely, and thus solves the problem of aerial navigation.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The lark is singing gayly in the meadow,
The sun is rising o'er the distant hills,
But she is gone, the music of whose talking
Was sweeter than the tunes of Summer rills.
Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the forest,
And think of her blue eyes:
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments—
'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
And, sometimes, round the rosiest lips of childhood,
Breaks forth a smile such as she used to wear.
But never any pleasant thing around, above us,
Seems to me like her love—
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us,
More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,
She meets me not on any Summer eve;
But once, at night, I heard a low voice calling,
"Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow,
I shall not hear their tone,
But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger,
Will walk no more alone.

THE "BOOZLEHEIMER AGE."

"So you don't know what the 'Boozleheimer age' is, don't you?" said old Carper to us, one day when we were quite a boy, as he stood with one foot on his saw-horse and both hands on his saw. "Well, I will show you how you can tell it. When you see a boy strike this kind of an attitude," here old Carper, who was the special favorite of our boyhood days, stuck the tips of his fingers into the waistband of his trowsers "and then every few moments lean forward and spit, you can depend upon it, he has got along as far as the 'Boozleheimer age.' It's about the most disagreeable time in a boy's life his friends think. He generally knows more than at any other time of his life, and a great deal more than his father and mother, uncles, aunts, teacher and all put together. He goes around measuring everything and everybody he runs across in his 'pint cup.' His name is whittled and carved on every wall and fence and beech-tree in the whole neighborhood, just because he has arrived at his 'Boozleheimer age.'

"But it doesn't last! That's one comfort. He passes on and looks back with a smile on his folly. You'll do like the rest, my boy, I suppose! Pretty soon I'll see you sticking your hands into your waistband, and then strike attitudes and spit, but then you'll get over it, and will smile at the 'Boozleheimer age' of those who are in it!"

We took the hint which the dear old man threw out, and were careful not to "strike any attitudes" nor put our boy-fingers into our waistband, more especially when old Carper was likely to be near by. But we have noticed the marks of this "Boozleheimer age" a great many times indeed, among half-grown lads and very young men, whom we have met.

How many who read this, are in the "Boozleheimer age," and how many will take the hint here thrown out?—*Schoolday Visitor.*

CARLOTTA PATTI.

The Paris journals overflow with praise of this charming singer, and the critics can find no words adequate to express their admiration of her performances. We translate from late files of the Paris papers speaking of a recent concert at Nice:—

"The name of Carlotta Patti attracted, Saturday evening, an eagerly-expectant crowd to the Theatre Italien. The house was literally packed, and the boxes were brilliant with all the fashionable world. The celebrated cantatrice sang, after the first act of 'Crispino,' four selections: the rondo from 'Lucia,' the duet from 'L'Elsir d'Amore,' a waltz of Ricci and 'L'Eclat de rire,' of Auber. Throughout the whole performance she held the listeners under an unutterable charm. Carlotta Patti is indeed a wonderful singer. Her throat is the throat of a nightingale, like that of her sister Adelina, whence flows without an effort a flashing cascade of notes pure, clear, pearly and glittering as a shower of fireworks. She passes with a marvellous facility, and without break, from the deep and full notes of the contralto to the high soprano register. She entrances you, she astonishes you with her roulades, with her airy flights of vocalization, and with the ease with which she takes notes far beyond the ordinary range of voices. It astonishes and overwhelms one."

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN LONDON.

The five o'clock tea, so popular in London, is a pleasant institution, worthy of being more adopted in this country than it is yet. It has been customary there for some time past for the bride's family to give one of these parties two or three days before the wedding, the cards of invitation giving the hours of reception from three to six. The wedding presents are arranged on tables in one of the drawing rooms, and the intimate friends of the bride to be are taken up stairs to see the more captivating articles of the trousseau.

For these friendly afternoon teas, China tea pots with sets to match are generally used, and their tasteful elegance are the special pride of the hostess. Refreshments are served in the dining room—tea and coffee, champagne and claret cup, with French sweetmeats and delicate cakes. It is a favorite time of reunion with the literati, who are not apt, however, to use it as an occasion for displaying dress. As a lively girl remarks, some of the authors are very nice, but many of them have such curious wives, so oddly dressed; and, as for the authoresses, they are indeed wonderful to behold! They wear no dress-improvers, and have such odd notions of *coiffure*.

TO SHAVE SCIENTIFICALLY.

As men continue to shave and be shaved (a practice which some regard as unnatural and undesirable), we transfer to our columns the following brief essay upon shaving, which is, from the pen of so celebrated an authority as Mr. Mecchi:

"Never fail to well wash your beard with soap and water and to rub it dry immediately before you apply the lather, of which the more you use and the thicker it is the easier you will shave.

"Never use warm water, which makes a tender face. In cold weather place your closed razor in your pocket or under your arm to warm it. The moment you leave your bed (or bath) is the best time to shave.

"Always wipe your razor clean and strop it before putting it away: and always put your shaving-brush away with the lather on it.

"The razor (being only a very fine saw) should be moved in a sloping or sawing direction, and held nearly flat to your face, care being taken to draw the skin as tight as possible with the left hand, so as to present an even surface, and to throw out the beard.

"The practice of pressing on the edge of a razor in stropping it soon rounds it; the pressure should be directed to the back, which should never be raised from the strop. If you shave from heel to point of the razor, strop it from point to heel; but if you begin with the point in shaving, then strop it from heel to point.

"If you only once put away your razor without stropping it, or otherwise perfectly cleaning the edge, you must no longer expect to shave well and easy, the soap and damp so soon rust the fine teeth and edge.

"A piece of soft plate-leather should always be kept with razors, to wipe them with."

PERSONAL.

GENERAL VON MOLTKE is making a tour of Italy, and is now at Naples.

THE library of William Penn was sold at auction a short time ago, in London.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN threatens to start a paper in Washington.

THE last surviving son of Robert Burns is dead.

THE auction sale of Fisk's horses brought $50,000.

CARL and Parepa Rosa lately celebrated their wooden wedding at the Continental in this city.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is said to have a larger repertoire than any living prima donna. It consists of twenty-five operas, in most of which she has sung with distinguished success.

IT is said that the Prince Imperial, now sixteen, is coming over to us some time during the coming summer, accompanied by Prince Napoleon. The youngster is said to speak five languages fluently—and to be a well-disposed, well-behaved lad.

CHARLES READE subscribes for six American journals, which he says far exceed the English papers in point of news. He keeps them on file, and occasionally finds a plot in one of them for a novel.

GILLOTT, the lately deceased steel-pen manufacturer, left a magnificent art gallery valued at £100,000.

A COOL Kentucky critic calmly observes of Mrs. Moulton, that "even as she sings she becomes transfigured before you, and her form rises to a rare and bewildering beauty that scarcely Raphael himself, were he alive again, could adequately paint."

PRINCE ORLOFF, of Russia, is astonishing the Parisians by his fine horsemanship. His coal-black steed cost $1000, and came from Tartary at that.

TIFFANY & Co., are said to have sold recently, for $30,000, two of the finest strings of Oriental pearls ever disposed of in this country.

WESLEY ARNOLD, a young man of Syracuse, and member of the university, possesses the power of singing two parts of a tune at the same time. At a recent gathering of clergymen in that city, he "took them all down" by singing clearly and sweetly the base and soprano of "Old Hundred."

IT is recorded of Sydney Smith that he was once asked by Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, to sit for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" was the reply of the witty divine.

SOME years ago Dickens destroyed an immense accumulation of his correspondence. Dolby described it as taking place on the lawn at Gadshill, and making an immense smoke. "Dickens said, "I destroyed the correspondence expressly because I considered it had been held with me, and not with the public, and because I would not answer for its privacy being respected when I should be dead."

WHEN the first edition of Thompson's *Seasons* was published, the volume elegantly bound, was presented to his uncle, who, looking at it curiously, and turning it over and over again, said, "I did not think that Jemmy had brains enough to do such work as this," not considering that there was anything inside the binding worth notice.

IN view of the fact that the Prince of Wales has always been an eminent patron of the London theatres, the principal London actors have drawn up and had beautifully embossed on vellum an address to the Prince congratulating him upon his recovery from his recent illness.

A CORRESPONDENT sends this, dated Philadelphia, March 6, 1872: On the through express, last night, from Washington to New York city, was a bright little boy, not over five years old, hailing from Fairfax C. H., Va., with the following lines fastened securely to his hat—

Strangers, this boy is going to sea,
And expects in N. Y. his father to meet.
Many thanks from the mother of Ikey H.
To those who will see that he keeps his seat.

It is useless to say that the little fellow was well taken care of, and met his father all right.

SUITABLE DRESSES.

There are many books on the etiquette of dress, showing what is proper to be worn in the morning and in the evening and at noonday. A few very simple rules will suffice here. Those who are very stout should wear nothing but black; those who are very thin should put a little padding in their gowns. Pink, especially the old-fashioned yellow pink, is, when not too brilliant, becoming to all complexions except that which goes with red hair. Light green may be safely worn by the very dark, the very rosy, and by the very pale when the skin is extremely clear; but to ordinary American faces it is a trying color, though there are people who look well in nothing else. Green, mixed properly with pale blue, is very becoming indeed. Gray is the most beautiful color for old and young—I mean the soft silver gray which is formed by equal parts of black and white, with no touch of mauve in it. It admits of any color in trimming, and throws up the bloom of the skin. Rose-color, for some people, is pretty, and not unbecoming. White, so disastrous to rooms, is generally becoming in dress—only very coarse complexions are spoiled by it.

Short women should never wear double skirts or tunics—they decrease the height so much; unless, indeed, the tunic is very short and the skirt very long. So also do large, sprawling patterns used for trimmings. Let these be left to women tall enough to carry them off. Neither let a very little woman wear her hair half down her back; let her lift it clean up as high as possible.

Large feet should never be cased in kid—least of all, white kid slippers—for kid reveals so clearly the form and movements of the foot, and stretches so easily, that few feet have a chance in them. Black stockings and shoes, even for evening wear, are the most appropriate choice.

READING ON THE CARS.

Dr. Up de Graff, the well known oculist, says in reference to this habit: "The constant motion and oscillations of the car, renders it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and, no matter how slight this variation may be, it is instantly compensated for by the eye, thus keeping the organ constantly employed accommodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing, the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and, if the reading is persisted in, soon become 'blood-shot' and painful.

"We have often observed young misses, intently engaged in the perusal of some romance, while upon a rapidly moving railway train, who have only been able to finish their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their positions, and holding their book at various distances from the eye, making the greatest effort to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes, and it is not unfrequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of accommodation of the eyes, produced by reading in a railway car.

"Never read for more than a few minutes, when the car is in motion, if you would avoid such a calamity."

MILKING-TIME.

A FLORIDA PASTORAL.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

The sun is low and the sky is red;
Over meadows in rick and mow,
And out of the lush grass overfed,
The cattle are winding slow;
A milky fragrance about them breathes,
As they falter one by one,
Over the fallow and out of the sheaths
Of the lake grass in the sun.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically steal—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brawny, and Barleymeal!

From standing in shadowy pools at noon,
With the water udder deep,
In the sleepy rivers of easy June,
With the skies above asleep—
Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,
And the palm flower thirsting in halves—
They wait for the signs of the curling smoke,
And the evening heat of the calves.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brawny, and Barleymeal!

Oh, wife, whose wish still lingers and grieves
In the chimes that go and come,
For peace and rest in the twilight eves
When the cattle are loitering home,
How little we know, in the deepening shades,
How far our ways would lie—
My own alone in the everglades,
And your home there in the sky;
Nor how I would listen alone to the old familiar peal—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brawny, and Barleymeal!
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET: OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILFRED IS DESPATCHED ON A MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

Wilfred's temperament was, as we have said, quick and ardent. Impatient of obstacles to his will, and possessing a great amount of self-reliance, he was rather apt to adopt the course his inclinations and his tastes directed, than to be subservient to the guidance of others.

He had, of course, been better disciplined by his long absences from home, at school and at college, than he would had he been more beneath the paternal roof, and was, therefore, not exactly what is termed spoiled; but his knowledge of home was imbued with a sense that he had always had his own way there, and on his return to it, after having been away two years, he had no notion of being commanded, controlled, enslaved, as if he were still a mere schoolfellow's fag.

His self-reliance made him rather regardless of consequences, and he was prepared always to accept them, whenever they were the result of his own actions or impulses. It may be understood, therefore, that though his father had peremptorily ordered him to await his return, and had even locked him in the room, he resolved, pretty quickly and impetuously, to regard neither, but to liberate himself without a moment's delay—that done, to proceed to the very utmost limit of rebellion, rather than take part in that interview at which he was to join hands with Gabrielle, and swear to make her his wife at a day to be named by his father.

He looked from the open window to the grounds beneath; the height made a leap out of the question. He tried the doors again—they were immovable. He proceeded to the bell, and rang it sharply, nay, violently, and in a few minutes he heard a footstep outside the door. He heard the key turn in the lock, then the door slowly opened, and a repulsive-looking man presented himself.

He was hard-featured, low-browed, bushy-eyebrowed, short-haired—of stale-ale hue—and sallow faced. His pug nose, his prominent cheek-bones and jaw-bones, long upper lip, and square chin, gave him a vicious look, in spite of an obsequious grin nearly always on his face.

He kept his elbows close to his sides, and was continuously fondling his hands, as if congratulating himself upon some auspicious event, known only to himself and the person whom he addressed.

He sneaked, rather than advanced, a few paces over the threshold, and gazed furtively round the room, as if he were desirous of seeing whether there was any one on the watch to prevent him pocketing any little article of value that could be snapped up, and concealed upon him in a twinkling.

One glance at him was sufficient to fill the mind of Wilfred with disgust and mistrust, and forgetting, for the instant, his intention to quit the library, he said—

"Who are you? How came you here?"

The man looked up at him with very much the same expression as an orang-outang would bend upon a stranger, and answered, in a gurgling tone, rubbing his hands one over the other with great rapidity—

"My name is Vink, sir—young Mr. Rokeby, I assume—stronary resemblance to lady ma. Titus Vink, sir—known to pa, sir, in matters strictly secret an' confidential. Great man, pa—wonderful and 'stronary man—who—ha! ha!—I beg pardon—but—ha! ha!—who knows the value of your 'umble servant, Titus Vink."

"He's here at the request of your father, sir," subjoined a voice from the doorway, "but has no business to intrude himself into this room, which, for the present, is appropriated to your sole use, Mr. Wilfred."

Wilfred looked at the speaker, and saw the house steward—a staid, rather sullen-looking man, with a peculiar air of self-importance, standing with one hand on the door-jamb, and blocking up the space.

"This way, Mr. Vink, he proceeded, with a curious arrogance. "I will show you where you are to sit, and remain until Mr. Rokeby returns."

"He can stay here, under your supervision, Dean," exclaimed Wilfred, immediately. "I have no further use for the room."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Wilfred," responded Dean, assuming the position of sentry. "Mr. Rokeby said you were on no account to quit this room until he rejoined you."

Wilfred strode towards him.

"Stand back, fellow!" he exclaimed, placing his hand on Dean's chest, and thrusting him away, so that he reeled to the opposite side of the corridor, and fell against it with a crash. "It is my pleasure to leave the room," he added, angrily, "so you will inform my father."

"Ge-racious!" muttered Mr. Titus Vink, with a sudden cringe, as if he had been seized with a sharp attack of colic. "What mus-sel!"

Wilfred heeded neither, but made his way to his own room, there to reproduce mentally the events which had happened since his first eventful introduction to Black Down up to the present moment.

Everything was changed to him, and was perplexing to the last degree. The whole place and people appeared involved and enveloped in mystery; and it seemed to him that he was to be plunged into it, and fettered hand and foot, without being able to comprehend what it all meant.

What was worse, he feared that if he succeeded in unravelling the enigmatical condition of affairs, he should, in all probability, only gather some information which would distress, perhaps humiliate him.

He writhed at the last conceit; but he knew that birth, and wealth, and position, whatever might be and were their duties, did not ensure immaculateness, and that honor was smirched and soiled in the hands of the aristocracy, even as it was in those of the middle and lower classes.

He recoiled from the consideration of the relation in which his father and mother stood to each other, and he shrank from investigating it. He was only perplexed and amazed at the apparent unclouded mind of his mother, and the unruffled serenity of his cousin Gabrielle. If there were any circumstances or rumors afloat derogatory to the unblemished reputation of the former, surely Gabrielle's brow would wear a cloud; but she seemed to speak of his mother's fondness for field-sports and her "following," as a matter of pride rather than blame, and he was forced back to the disquieting impression that continuous study and seclusion had unhinged his father's brain.

Under all circumstances, he thought it would be his best plan to quit Fairholme Priors again, and travel on a hunting expedition in the far West, and by his return matters, in all probability, would have assumed a form more acceptable to him.

But Mark Jarrett's Daisy!

She would necessarily have to be left behind—not forgotten; no, that was impossible. It would not be difficult to ascertain all that was to be known about her—possibly to obtain an interview with her. That could assuredly be won by perseverance; and then—yes, then? He felt it would be wise and discreet to wait until the interview took place before he arranged what should come of it.

While on this topic, depressed, dejected, and horribly sentimental, as he summoned up the large eyes set in that sweet young face, he was abruptly summoned to join his mother, and not his father, as he had anticipated.

He was yet further surprised to find his mother awaiting him with an anxious expression on her face, and a packet in her hand.

"My dear Willy," she exclaimed, somewhat nervously, as he approached her and kissed her cheek, "I want you to prove your love for me."

"Try me, dear mother," he answered, ardently. "You may rely upon me with perfect security."

"I know it, my Wil," she responded, fondly, "and therefore it is that I entrust you with this mission. Adjoining our place at Dovedale rises the Thorp Cloud. Within two or three hundred yards of that hill is the entrance to a deep, wild hollow, called Bunsterdale—"

"I remember it well," he interrupted, hastily. "In my boyhood I have explored every inch of it."

"Do you remember the rocky chasm through which the Dove forces its way among the huge mass of cliff and rock until it becomes an unimpeded stream?" she asked, eagerly.

"I can see it now," he replied, promptly. "Set me at the entrance of Bunsterdale blindfold, and I would go through the whole ravine to it."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated his mother, clasping her hands, and speaking with what appeared to him to be a strange gratefulness. "Willy, darling, beyond that chasm, in an abrupt turn, stands a group of trees, screening a path to the cliffs above. In a nook on that acclivity, also nearly hidden by trees, you will find a building, only fitted for a recluse, although it is larger and more commodious than it looks. You will perceive a bell in the gatepost, and in answer to its summons a man will appear. Ask to be admitted to the presence of his master, and in answer to his query whom he is to announce, reply, simply, 'Belvoir.'"

Willy started, and looked penetratingly in her face; but he could not trace that the name which caused his father so much perturbation gave her the least embarrassment. He, therefore, refrained from making any observation respecting it.

"That name will prove a talisman to you," she went on to say, hurriedly. "You will be conducted to the interior, and will meet there the person to whom this packet is addressed. Place it in his hands, and his only. Receive from him an acknowledgment that it is in his possession, and return with that to me without the least delay."

"It shall be done faithfully and punctually," he responded.

"Punctually, speedily, and faithfully," she repeated, with great impressiveness.

Then she looked in his face with a solemn earnestness, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she added—

"You cannot possibly have any conception, Will, of the extreme value, and even vital importance of the contents of that packet. The honor, fame—I dare not now add more—of an old and noble family are dependent on the safe preservation of its contents. For that reason it is that I entrust it to your charge. Depart with it at once—now—this instant. A saddle-horse awaits you at the postern in the ring fence. Hasten on it to the railway station, and give it into the charge of a groom who will be awaiting you; and, when you return, having skillfully—and secretly, mark me Wil—done my behest, you shall be rewarded with —— Well, at least all my interest and my influence in events to come, and certainly my loving blessing."

Wil embraced her, for she clasped him in her arms and kissed him fondly. He was too much amazed, confused, bewildered to put any questions to her, feeling that the mystery surrounding them was thickening instead of clearing up, and he did not lose sight of the fact that this singular mission gave him the means of avoiding, for the present, the dreaded interview with Gabrielle, which was to take place in his father's presence.

So, with a few words he took his departure, from Fairholme Priors.

He found the horse as directed, galloped swiftly to the station, and was well on his way thither when his father, entering his library to rejoin him, found there, instead, Mr. Titus Vink.

The sight of this individual seemed to cause Mr. Rokeby great outward emotion, and his eyes to scintillate.

Mr. Vink greeted him with a grin which seemed to say—

"Jason and the Golden Fleece! Our meeting is the finest game in the world!"

Mr. Rokeby evidently did not enter into the spirit of that conception, but seized the man by the arm, and dragged rather than led him into his private retreat—a room which no one dared to invade, unless specially summoned to it by him.

CHAPTER IX.

MARK JARRETT'S PLOT.

There was one room in Mark Jarrett's Grange which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. It was situated in the centre tower—a square, ungainly-looking shaft outwardly, surmounted with a four-sided, bell-shaped roof, after the manner of the first approach to a steeple in early church turrets.

It overlooked the stretch of land on which stood Fairholme Priors, and it embraced a large portion of the country which was hunted over, so that an observer, provided with a good glass, could watch the chase from the "find" to the "finish."

Mark Jarrett was in possession of the very best glass ever made by the most skillful optician in Christendom, and whenever a hunt took place, which a mysterious spirit-like girl suddenly joined in the height of the burst, and taking the lead, kept it up to the very last leap of the finish, when she vanished like an intangible phantom, he occupied that room, never removing the glass from his eyes, until he muttered—

"Brave girl! Well done, child! well done!"

Then he closed it up, and put it away for the next occasion. But he never repeated that approving remark to the individual whose extraordinary riding had extorted it from him.

In this room he now sat, attended by a man whom it was impossible to look at without at once thinking of horses, and of very sharp practice in the sale of such animals. He had the usual cutaway coat, the long waistcoat, and the trowsers, which commenced ample in bagginess above, and ended convulsively tight at the ankle. He had the accustomed little bit of straw between his teeth to chew and to help reflection, and the twinkle of his small gray eyes, and the twitch of his smirking mouth, indicated that in a transaction it was infinitely more probable that he would get the best of you in a pleasant way than you of him in any way.

Standing by the window was a young girl, of slight and graceful figure, with long, unconfined silken hair descending to her waist. Her attention was occupied, apparently, in looking at the spires and pinnacles of a fine mansion in the distance, which, from where she gazed at it, seemed to be embosomed in an umbrageous mass of rich dark foliage.

The house was Fairholme Priors. With one hand playing with her zone, and the other resting against her soft, round cheek, she seemed to be quite absorbed in deep meditation.

Indeed, she looked so young—there was such a child-like character in the sweet, guileless expression of her features, although more than eighteen summers had welcomed her in a world to which she was a rare ornament—that the conversation between Mark Jarrett and his visitor was not at all likely to interest her. At least, its character was not such as young girls either care for or comprehend; yet she was very deeply interested in it, and although she did not appear to hear a sentence, not a word was lost upon her.

"So you have sold Elfrite to Mistress Blanche Rokeby—a bargain, eh?" observed Mark Jarrett, gazing up at the man from beneath his thick eyebrows.

A grim smile went over his features as he uttered the last words, which he emphasized.

The man smiled too, and ground the bit of straw between his teeth.

"A bargain, sir, and no mistake, if the 'oss 'ad no wice in him," he returned, slowly.

"A little hard-mouthed," suggested Mark Jarrett, as if that were scarcely a fault.

"On'y when he jest pleases," rejoined the man, champing the straw. "That's jest his wice. Sometimes the touch of a child's enough for him, 'tothers a capstan wheel wouldn't 'old him in. Gentle as a lam' when he's in the humor; but if the fit's on him—that's to say if you happens to give him a rap atween the ears—you might as well espec' a hinjen to pull up short with a tiger in full cry arter him, by singing lullaby, as 'm to 'old 'ard, even with a chifney bit and a giant a sawrin' at it."

"He is only restive and vicious if the whip is applied to his head, Hoskyn, eh?" observed Mark Jarrett, as if his failing was rather forced into play than the result of caprice.

Mr. Hoskyn shook his head.

"He won't stand the whip to his 'ead no how. He's awful wicious then; but he's unekal, sir," he rejoined, introducing his thumbs into the armholes of his striped vest: "Miss Daisy knows that. Why, he's carried her many a time as if she wus a hangel on the back of a flyin' dragon, well in hand, and no will of his own. I don't believe that he never cut up rough or nasty with Miss Daisy. That was his hart, sir—as who could show a dog's tooth to that putty an' charming young lady; but with me—with even sech a light weight as the jock's tiny Job Marlow, who showed seven an' twenty runners the way round the Roodee for the Chester Cup on Deerfoot—he'd do jest as he saw fit to do, an'—"

"That is enough, Hoskyn," interrupted Mark Jarrett, curtly, and with a slight frown on his brow. "The horse has temper, it is admitted; but he has the speed of the wind, and will carry a lady without, as a rule, showing vice."

"Well, as a rule, yes, sir," replied Hoskyn, hesitatingly; "but when he does show it, arter a blow between the ears——"

"Did Mrs. Blanche Rokeby try him before she paid the money?" again interrupted Mark Jarrett, sharply.

"She did, sir," Hoskyn's answered, sucking at his bit of straw as if he suddenly fancied that it was a real Cuba. "She's one of the best an' boldest riders in this county. Don't know where you'll find another to touch her, save Miss Daisy."

"I only wish to know whether she tried him, and if he displayed any temper during the trial," once more interposed Mark Jarrett, with stern impatience.

"She tried him safe enough, sir," replied Mr. Hoskyn, quickly. "Lepped him, sir, over a fi bar gate, a bullfinch, over the cut, and spun him a mile over the heath."

"Well?"

"Went like a dove out for a flutter, sir," responded Mr. Hoskyn, with a cunning leer. "That was all his hartfulness, sir. I'd rid him to Fairholme Priors, an' he thought, if he carried the lady's nine stun four to rights he wouldn't be troubled with my ten stun eight back again—which there he wus right. She paid the money, Mrs. Rokeby did, guv me a fiver for myself, an' she's a making 'er life 'appy to think she's got the fastest an' the best plucked 'unter in this or any other connty."

"So she has, Hoskyn's!" exclaimed Mark Jarrett, with a snappish tone.

"Well, yes, 'cept Miss Daisy's Silvershade, an' that I should say is the fastest goer and the best jumper ever foaled," rejoined Mr. Hoskyn, with a touch of enthusiasm, and a glance at Daisy, neither of which were, apparently, observed by her.

"Until you have another to offer which nothing can touch," remarked Mark Jarrett, with a sarcastic laugh, "You may go. I am satisfied with what you have done. Send Abel Stoke to me."

Mr. Hoskyn raised his index finger perpendicularly to his eyebrow, and glancing again at the fairy-like figure still standing motionless near the window, he went from the room.

Almost as quickly as if he had been stationed at the threshold waiting to be summoned, Abel Stoke made his appearance, and with an almost noiseless step.

He cast his eyes, with a sharp, quick flash at Daisy, but she did not seem to have heard his approach, and did not look round, or apparently move; yet a curious tremor went through her frame, as though she was conscious of his presence, and with a feeling of dread, too.

His features and complexion varied rapidly, as with shifting, restless glances he looked at her, at Mark Jarrett, and at the ground. There was a movement in his throat, and an uneasy working of his hands, compressing, and smoothing, and crushing the brim of the soft felt hat he held in his hands.

Mark Jarrett looked steadfastly in his face for at least a minute before he spoke, and then he said, slowly—

"Abel, I think I can place trust in you."

Abel nodded his head assentingly. His lips had a parched look, as though articulation would not be very easy just then.

Mark Jarrett struck the table sharply with his fist, and cried, angrily—

"I suppose you are bright enough to know that a nod is as good as a wink—to a blind horse. I am not a blind horse. Answer my question."

Abel started, frowned, moistened his lips with a dry tongue, and said, huskily—

"If you—and one other—Mark Jarrett, can't rely upon me, nobody can."

Mark Jarrett struck the table again violently with his fist, and cried, irately—

"I want none of your quakerish, jesuitical, gudgeon-hooking answers. Can I trust you—yes or no?"

"Yes," replied Abel, looking straight at Daisy, "with all you are worth—your life—with all you hold dear on earth."

"What is the fool maundering and romancing about?" cried Mark Jarrett, in a rage. "Go to the devil! I thought you were shrewd and sharp—I find you little better than a jackass. Away with you, I must try some one else."

The brilliant eyes of Abel seemed to emit sparks of red fire, and his cheek glowed as red as a furnace. He glanced at Daisy. Her back was still towards him, and she stood as motionless as a statue. His eyebrows met as he fastened his gaze on the old man.

"What is it you want of me, Mark Jarrett? Speak plain, and I'll answer plain," he said, slowly, and in a grating tone.

"If you can," sneered the old man.

"Do you want me to do aught?" pursued Abel, in a louder voice, and with a fierce look. "If you do, I'll do it, let it be what it will. You may trust me there."

"That is an answer," returned Mark, in a mollified tone. "You can be trusty and secret?"

"As death and the grave," replied Abel, emphatically.

"If you prove only as trustworthy and secret as they, I shall be well satisfied," responded Mark Jarrett, significantly.

He mused for a minute in deep abstraction. Abel fastened his eyes upon Daisy's flowing hair and graceful form. A strong spasm for an instant seemed to convulse and stiffen every muscle in his frame, but for an instant only, and then he seemed to be in a deadly faint, and wiped the cool moisture from his brow with his hand.

She had, however, no eyes for him—only for her thoughts, or for Fairholme Priors.

Presently, with a hard, rigid expression on his features, Mark Jarrett looked Abel steadfastly in the face.

"You know where to unearth a dog-fox—eh?" he said, slowly.

"A dozen," returned Abel.

"One will do, if it be near to the Three Pits," rejoined Mark Jarrett, in a lower tone.

"The Three Pits?" repeated Abel, as if he did not quite understand him.

At the mention of this place there was the slightest perceptible movement of Daisy's head towards the speaker, yet not enough to excite attention.

"Yes, the Three Pits—those deep excavations on the southern ridge of Black Down. There are fox-holes in that neighborhood—I have seen them," pursued Mark Jarrett, in his peremptory way.

"Ay," answered Abel, with a short laugh; "I knows where a couple and brood are earthed. Squire Chute's huntsman would stand something handsome if I were to bag the dog, and drop him where the hounds—which are to be out next week—could find, and go away for a ten-mile run."

Mark Jarrett's brows covered his eyes, his teeth grated; but he rubbed his hands slowly, as if pleased. He glanced up at Abel's face, and said, suggestively—

"If they were to find down by Witley, the fox would go for his earth."

"Ah, would he," responded Abel, laughing still. "The dog's as big as a lurcher. I'll back he runs to earth without letting the hounds get within fifty yards of his brush."

"Past the Three Pits?" pressed Mark Jarrett, earnestly.

"Ay, right by 'em," answered Abel, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It will be a dangerous run there for the hard-mouthed 'uns."

He looked at Daisy, expecting her to make an observation on this point; but she did not alter her position in the least degree.

Mark Jarrett rose up, and placed his hand on Abel's arm. He looked eagerly in his face.

"You must bag that dog-fox," he said, as if commanding rather than instructing.—"Turn him out where Chute's hounds may nose him, and lay on to him; but not until he is well away. You will engage a dozen men, and station them at various points, to keep him on his track to the Three Pits—I mean his earth-hole. If he tries to run cunning, and doubles when near home, you must be at the last point to force him to take the path to the Pits. Do you understand me? I want to see what these self-vaunting, self-gratulating, self-applauding hunters, men and women, can do over a stiff country."

"I understand you, sir," returned Abel, with a confident nod, as if he should be well pleased with the task.

He did not penetrate beneath the surface of what he heard; but he was quite sure that Daisy would be queen of the hunt—would triumph, as usual; and he would not be away from the scene of her glory for the world.

"I will pay all expenses—and pay liberally, too—if you do the work to my satisfaction," pursued Mark, with a bright gleam in his eyes and a smile on his lips.

"I will do it," cried Abel, almost joyously. "You shall see them racing each other up over the heather, and coming to grief like—"

"Never mind about that," interposed Mark Jarrett, hastily giving a sidelong glance at the Daisy. "I shall be satisfied to find what mettle they possess, horse and rider. I can triumph with my Daisy over the proudest of them."

"You can that," exclaimed Abel, striking his thigh. "I'll stake my life on that."

"Oh, while I think of it," observed Mark, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, "you know something of Mrs. Rokeby's head stud-groom, I think."

"What, Mat Stevens? Why—a—yes—pretty well," responded Abel, rather shyly, as if the acquaintance was scarcely a friendly one; "but—"

"Mrs. Rokeby has purchased Elfrite," pursued Mark Jarrett, not appearing to notice this.

"Not Miss Daisy's?" cried Abel, with a sudden start.

Mark Jarrett frowned.

"My horse, Elfrite, which I sold to Hoskyn," he returned, harshly. "Hoskyn has parted with it to Mrs. Rokeby at a profit. But Hoskyn, as I have told him, omitted, most reprehensibly, to mention to her that the horse occasionally—very, very seldom, it is true—takes a whim—quite a whim, Abel—to be stubborn; not fractious, but hard-mouthed, and will go his own way at his own pace. At such a moment—if it be an emergency—a sharp blow with the crop of the hunting-whip between the ears—mind, between the ears—will render him as docile as a lamb in a moment again."

A sharp cry escaped from Daisy's lips. Mark Jarret looked up instantly, and saw that her fair young face was turned towards him with an expression of fright and horror upon it.

He instantly showed his teeth to her with a snarl, and a gleam shot from his eyes, which seemed to have upon her the effect of a sudden flash of lightning, blinding her for the instant.

She recoiled, swung round, and resumed her former position as swiftly as she had changed it, but she clutched at the window-frame for support.

Abel did not observe this rather exciting telegraphing between Mark Jarrett and his Daisy, for his mind at the moment was busying itself with certain passages that had occurred between himself and Mat Stevens: but he was aroused from the discussion of them by a sharp remark from Mark Jarrett, who, with a sneer, advised him not to let his brains go wool-gathering, but to say at once whether he had the sense to understand what had been said to him, and the rather common-place capacity to execute the task entrusted to him.

Abel was stung to the quick by these insulting gibes before Daisy, and biting his lips to keep down his passion, he said, in the husky voice which always betrayed that he was inwardly moved—

"The proof of the pudding be in the eating on't, Master Jarrett. I will do your bidding—you shall see for yourself how well. As for Elfrite's freaks, why, Mrs. Rokeby shall know of 'em, if I tell her of 'em myself."

"I shall trouble you to do only what I have told you to do—nothing more nor nothing less. Now go."

Abel was about to make some further remarks; but Mark Jarrett authoritatively checked him, and ordered him to leave without another word.

Abel grated his teeth together as if he would reduce them to powder. He bent a look upon Mark Jarrett, which intimated that, under more favorable circumstances, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase, if it were at his command; and then slowly his eyes wandered to that slight form at the window, and he pressed his clenched hand upon his chest, as if a withering fire was raging beneath it. A sigh which he struggled to withhold, swelled it, and forced its way from his throat with a sound like a faint groan.

But the averted face turned not to him, and he moved away with a feeling of mortified disappointment, muttering, however, inaudibly—

"I'll make her look on me when my time comes. I'll make her think more of me then. I will—I will!"

And so he went away to perform the work entrusted to him.

Mark Jarrett was now left alone with Daisy.

He glanced at her uneasily twice or thrice. At length he said, in a sharp, quick tone—

"Daisy!"

She turned quickly to him—not as if she were startled, nor as if she had a timid fear of him, but with a self-possession which had something remarkable in it. She looked him firmly in the face.

"Thinking of Wil Rokeby?" he said, sternly.

"Yes," she answered, calmly.

"You like him?" he suggested, with a grin of a panther.

"He saved your life—perhaps mine," she said, in clear tones.

"Bah!" he rejoined, scoffingly. "Those rascals meant robbery only—not murder. Abel did as well as he—nay, better, for he peppered one vagabond handsomely, and settled the business as I have since settled theirs. Anything else you like him for?"

"He is handsome and brave, and seems to have a noble mind," she returned, without hesitation, and in a very artless way.

"Abel is handsome and brave too, and why not like him for the same reason? As for the noble mind of either, we will leave that out," laughed Mark Jarrett, scornfully.

"Abel Stoke!" ejaculated Daisy, with a derisive smile. "Why do you compare the two?"

"Only to show you that you have no special reason to like Wil Rokeby better than any other man whom you have seen," he rejoined, argumentatively, but not the less emphatically.

"Yet I do like him," she said, taking a glance at Fairholme Priors, upon which the sun was at that moment shining.

Mark Jarrett gave a start, as if stung by the barbed tongue of a serpent. His eye gave out the flash which, as before, had the lurid hue of an electric spark.

"Daisy!" he cried, in his hard, sharp tone, "to place this matter once for all on its proper basis, I will remind you that, when a child of four or five years old, you would sit on clear, cloudless, moonless nights, and watch a large bright star in the blue heavens. You used to stretch out your tiny hands towards it, and want it—ha! ha!—cry for it! Look on Wil Rokeby as such another star, and cry for both. You are quite as likely to secure the first as the last."

Not a feature in the face of Daisy changed while he was speaking, save an almost imperceptible movement of her eyelids, and she offered no remark.

"At the forthcoming hunt," he added, as if he had dismissed the last subject from his mind forever, "you will ride Silvershade. I will take care that he is in supreme condition—fit to ride for the ransom of an empire. You will join the pack at a spot I shall name by-and-by, and you will vanish from it at a point I will pick out. There are other instructions I will dictate to you on the morning previous to your start, and I shall expect you to execute them to the letter—to the very letter. You know what I mean by that. I am going to the stables. Remember, and think over what I have said."

As he concluded, he quitted the apartment rather abruptly.

"I will execute, too, the dictates of my conscience," she murmured, with a firm emphasis, "to the letter—to the very letter!"

Then she turned her face to Fairholme Priors. She clasped her hands together and compressed them. There was a bright moisture in her eyes, which rendered dim and hazy the distant building on which she was then gazing, and in a soft, plaintive voice, she ejaculated—

"Star, indeed! As far away as that above me, and as likely to come within my reach! Yet in secret I may worship both."

She fell upon her knees, and resting her entwined fingers upon the window-ledge, bowed her face upon them, suffering the soft, sweet breeze from without to sport with her trailing tresses as it listed.

At the appointed time, Gabrielle, shrouded in a cloak, stole with noiseless step into the black shadows of the arboretum.

She had not proceeded a dozen yards into the almost impenetrable darkness, holding her breath as she timidly advanced, and growing more alarmed at each step, when she suddenly felt Colonel Waldron's hand upon her arm, and she uttered a shriek.

"Silence, for heaven's sake. Listen to me in quietude, though the secret convulse you with horror and despair. Listen passively, for you must hear it, and better for you it is that you should hear it now, and from my lips."

There ensued a silence, but a shivering thrill of dread ran through her frame, and made her heart almost still its beatings.

Presently he said, slowly, and with a deliberate emphasis, which gave every word a cruel force—

"The world believes you—you believe yourself—to be the offspring of a secret marriage between the Hon. Gray Luttrell and Helen Amy Vaux, the elder sister of Mrs. Alvanley Rokeby."

"Believes!" repeated Gabrielle, in indignant amazement. "Believe! I know myself to be Gabrielle Luttrell, daughter of Gray and Helen Luttrell!"

"Know yourself to be, so far as you can remember back, and have been told," he returned, with a strange laugh. "There is nothing in the world so difficult to prove, under the circumstances in which you were born, as your identity. The most momentous fact often depends for proof on one small link in the chain of evidence. A trifling accident will sometimes present that link to one not seeking it. I am by such an accident put in possession of an irrefragable piece of evidence concerning your birth."

"My birth!" she murmured, almost inarticulately.

"Gabrielle," he pursued, forcing his words between his teeth, with a stress which made its tones seem shrill, and froze the blood in her veins, "you are not what you seem—you are not the daughter of Gray and Helen Luttrell—but a child palmed upon Mrs. Rokeby. Of this terrible secret I at present alone possess the proofs."

"It is impossible," gasped the young lady, panting for breath.

"Think, look back, remember the mystery which at best hangs round your infant years," he urged, emphatically. "Then think, not only how possible, but how easy, such a change could be accomplished by a designing person. I swear that you are a changeling—I swear that I have all the necessary proofs to establish the fact."

She tried to quit him, as if flight would enable her to escape from this terrible communication and its consequences; but she swayed and tottered, and would have fallen to the ground, but that he caught her in his arms.

He found that she had swooned, and at the very instant he caught the sound of voices whispering within a dozen yards of the spot where he was standing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THREE DAYS IN A LIFETIME;

OR,

THE TARTAR'S PROPHECY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST DAY.

"Natalia, is that the necklace you told me about?"

"The same, my dear; and this is the first time I have worn it."

The full splendor of a fine July morning was shining upon the little Swiss mountain-hamlet of Les Plans-sur-Bex, in the Pays de Vaud; and the glorious panorama of the surrounding mountains lay outspread in all its grandeur before the eyes of the two young ladies who were seated on the balcony of the little two-storied chalet called by courtesy "the village inn."

There towered the vast gray pyramid of the Grand Moveran, deepening gradually into crimson under the flood of light that poured across it. There frowned the shaggy front of the Tourneresta, scowling down, like some cruel giant of romance, at the cluster of little white-roofed cottages that nestled at his feet. There rose the single fang of the Dent Rouge, and the distant spire of the Petite Dent de Morcles. And there, dark and sullen against the brightening sky, loomed the dagger-like peak of the unscaleable Argentine, mournful, yet defiant. The sunlight streamed across the long ranks of pines, while from point after point the morning mist rolled off like the smoke of a battle, as peak after peak caught the light, till all above and below was one blaze of glory.

But, if the scene was deserving of special attention, the two spectators were not less so. Vera Soltikoff, the younger of the twain—a laughing, thoughtless brunette, whose ripe red lips seemed formed by Nature for the arch smile that ceaselessly flitted across them—was palpably one of those frank, mirthful damsels "Who charmingly bully, and winningly vex;" but her companion's face might have riveted the attention of the most careless observer. The almost child-like beauty of the upper face, with its smooth forehead, large bright eyes, and fresh rosy cheeks, was contradicted by a mouth absolutely startling in its haughty rigidity—the mouth of Semiramis, of Cleopatra, of Marie Antoinette—expressive of a nature pre-eminently resolute and defiant, destined to subjugate all around it, and be subjugated in turn by a stronger than itself. And, in truth, all who knew Natalia Romantzoff might fairly testify that the spirit of the Marshal Romantzoff, who stormed the Turkish batteries on the Kaghoul, one man against ten, in the days of Catherine II., had not become extinct in his descendant.

"Have you worn that charming thing only once?" cried Vera. "If it were mine, I'd wear it every day. "By-the-by, though, isn't there some story connected with it which you promised to tell me? Why not tell it now? There's no one to disturb us, and this is just the place for a romantic story."

"You shall hear it if you like," replied her companion; "only don't let it excite those susceptible nerves of yours too highly, for I warn you that I have no sympathy with hysterics."

And half reclining her magnificent figure upon the low bench that ran along the front of the balcony, she began as follows:

"You know that, when I was quite a child, we used to live most of the year upon our estate down the Volga, near Simbirsk; and the nurse I had there was an old Tartar woman, the strangest old creature you can imagine, who used to tell me stories of sieges, and forays, and battles of the Tartars against the Russians, and of witches, and sorcerers, and evil spirits, enough to fill a library. People said that she herself was descended from some of the old Tartar princes; and, upon my word, while she was telling about them, she used to hold herself up so, and speak in such a way, that you might have taken her for a queen in disguise. As I grew older, and didn't require a nurse, of course we saw less of each other. At length, however, when I hadn't seen her for a good while, one morning—the very day before we left our estate to go and live in St. Petersburg—my maid came and told me that old Maroushka wished to come in, saying she had a present to give me. So I had the old creature brought in, and asked her to show me the present, expecting to see a little carving, or perhaps one of those silver images that the peasants are so fond of; imagine my surprise when she produced this magnificent necklace, and said, with a mysterious air, 'This is what I have kept for you, my heart's delight, ever since you were born; but it is fated that you shall wear it but thrice in your life—on the day that you first behold your future husband, on the day that you wed with him, and on the day of your death!'"

"Good Heavens!" cried Vera, shuddering, "what a horrid idea!"

"I was rather startled, I must own," pursued Natalia, "less by what she said than by her manner of saying it; and, half in joke, half in earnest, I asked her how I should know my future husband when I met him. She looked fixedly and sadly at me for a moment, and then said, in a deep, hollow voice, 'The man before whom you shall tremble, he is the man!' Not another word would she say, and that was the last I saw of her; for the next morning we were on our way. But, somehow or other—though I don't believe her prophecy a bit—I've never worn the necklace till to-day; and to-day I can wear it without risk—for of all the men who are about us, there is not one whom I could by any possibility bring myself to accept."

"Is there no chance for my poor brother, then?" asked Vera, earnestly. "I'm sure he'd make a very obedient husband."

"That's just my objection to him," answered Natalia, firmly. "If I ever marry, it must be a man who can rule me, not one whom I can rule. At all events, child, you've had the story you asked for. How do you like it?"

"It's quite a romance, upon my word!" cried Vera, half pleased and half frightened—"just like one of those delightful, horrible stories of Paul Feval or dear old Alexandre

Dumas, which we used to read together in long winter evenings at St. Petersburg, instead of preparing our lessons. But see, those lazy admirers of yours are taking the field at last."

And as she spoke, a group of five or six gentlemen appeared under the balcony, and bowed profoundly to its fair occupants.

"We are come to pay our homage to the queen of the village, and to ask her commands for the day," said a middle-aged man, of distinguished appearance, doffing the jaunty Parisian hat, which, even in this savage solitude, he scrupulously retained.

"I see that Count Soltikoff is as perfect a courtier as ever," answered Natalia, in a slightly ironical tone; "but I should have thought that so many accomplished gentlemen would hardly need my assistance in planning out their occupations."

"On the contrary, we are lost without it!" cried one of the younger men. "Have we not already scrambled through every forest, and visited every waterfall in the valley, sketched some of the ugliest peasant-women in the world, and eaten ourselves ill with wild strawberries and sour cream? Unless Mademoiselle Romantzoff deigns to take compassion on us, we shall all die of *ennui*."

"Are you all ready to obey my commands, then, if I impose them?" asked the young lady, seemingly struck by a new idea.

"All!" replied the young men, in chorus.

"Well, then," cried Natalia, pointing to the vast black obelisk of the Argentine, "suppose you try the 'unscaleable mountain'—perhaps that may be a task worthy of you."

Venturesome as they were, the young Russians looked blankly at each other. To surmount the steep ridge of grassy turf which formed the lower part of the mountain was within the power of any average climber; but the ascent of the grim pinnacle beyond was a task which no one had ever achieved, and from which the boldest mountaineer might have shrunk.

"And what shall be our reward;" inquired the younger Soltikoff, devouring with his eyes the queenly face of the beauty.

"The feat itself ought to be a sufficient reward to such daring cavaliers," replied Natalia, with undisguised sarcasm; "but if you must be bribed to display your valor, gentlemen, I'll give my portrait—for which you have all plagued me often enough—to the first who reaches the top."

"Natya, my dear," interrupted her mother, coming forward, "here is Prince Dmitri Narishkin, who has brought me a letter from your uncle, and kindly offers us his assistance to continue our journey southward. Prince Narishkin—my daughter Natalia."

Natalia turned round, and her eyes met those of the stranger. Whether it was merely the sound of a name which she had already heard only too often, or whether it was some dim foreshadowing of the future flitted across her mind in that moment—from whatever cause, the proud beauty visibly trembled; and, in truth, the man who stood before her was one to inspire fear as well as admiration. Dmitri Alexievitch Narishkin—at this time in the heyday of his youth and beauty, and in the full tide of a career of reckless dissipation which is still proverbial in Russia—was a slim, elegant, aristocratic-looking man of twenty-five, with the dark, lustrous eyes and small, delicate features of the Southern races, and that perfect proportion of limb which confers strength without diminishing splendor of form. One might trace in his lithe frame the sleek, tiger-like beauty, and in his smooth, oval face the lurking fierceness of the Circassian, which, by the mother's side at least, he had fully inherited.

Still in some lonely outpost amid the defiles of the eastern Caucasus, one may hear from the lips of some gray-haired veteran of the campaigns of Vorontzoff or Bariatinski, how Alexi Narishkin, Colonel of the—th Grenadiers, broke his way foremost into the hill-fortress of Minad, seized in his arms Princess Bela, the favorite daughter of Achmet-Ghirei Khan, wrenched from her grasp the poniard which she had plunged into his shoulder, bore her off through all the hurly-burly of the final struggle, and married her a month later in the chapel of the Russian Residency at Tiflis; and how the two fierce natures, thus strangely brought together, recognized and loved each other as only such natures can, till they were laid in one grave twenty years later.

Of such parents Dmitri Narishkin, the man who had showed himself on the face of the Redan under the fire of a hundred and sixty English cannon, and faced at fifteen paces the pistol of Armand St. Aubin de la Vrillière, the deadliest shot in the "Gardes à Cheval," was the worthy son; but between him and his famous father there was one important difference. In his own mild way, Alexi Narishkin had been an honorable and a Christian man; but his son, reared among French atheists and Russian profligates—an avowed infidel, a notorious duellist, a *roué* of the deepest dye—seemed to have no object in life but the gratification, at whatever cost, of his own headstrong passions. Defiant alike of public opinion and private regard, he was, nevertheless, the darling of St. Petersburg society; and Natalia, although she now saw him for the first time, had wondered and trembled over the wild tales of which he was the hero many a time and oft.

"May a stranger presume to compete for the prize offered by mademoiselle?" asked the prince, bowing courteously, but with a lurking sneer in his tone.

"If Monsieur le Prince really thinks it worth while to risk his life in such a cause, he is perfectly welcome," replied she, avenging herself by sarcasm for her previous emotion.

Narishkin's large black eyes shone for a moment with an ominous light, significant of lurking evil, as the quivering leaves that mark the passage of the unseen tiger, but not a word escaped him. With another low bow, he turned away, while the young men clamorously dispersed, to prepare for their adventurous expedition.

"Why did you tremble so, my dear, at sight of that gentleman?" asked Vera, with an arch smile. "I hope the circumstance has no connection with your old Tartar's prophecy."

"Don't talk nonsense, child," retorted Natalia, with an acrimony which she seldom displayed toward her gentle companion. "If the cold mountain wind makes me shiver a little, what's that to you? Come with me down to the bridge, and let us finish our sketching."

Hour after hour the day wore on—and toward evening the competitors began to straggle in, all alike unsuccessful. By their own account, indeed, it would seem as if fortune had really conspired against them. One had been disabled by a sprain, another by a falling stone, a third had broken his alpenstock, the fourth had lost his way; in short, there was no end to the unfortunate accidents which alone had prevented them from succeeding.

But no one had either seen or heard anything of Narishkin; and the party now assembled in front of the chalet—including Madame Romantzoff and the two young ladies—were beginning to wonder what could have become of him, when a cry of dismay from a Swiss who stood near them attracted general attention.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the man, pointing forward with a trembling hand; "*voilà quelqu'un qui fait l'ascension de l'Argentine!*" (There's some one climbing the Argentine!")

All eyes turned instinctively to the grim pyramid of rock, which stood out black and stern against the lustrous evening sky. Midways up its precipitous side—looking at that tremendous height like an ant on the face of a wall—appeared a small dark figure, now stationary, and again slowly moving. News of the incredible feat flew with lightning speed through the village, and all whom it contained were speedily assembled upon the little plateau, watching, in terrible suspense, the issue of this strange duel between Man and Matter—between the unaided energies of a solitary being and the destroying forces of Nature. More than one hard face quivered with emotion, more than one bearded lip muttered a half inarticulate prayer, as the small dark spot crept slowly up that huge pinnacle, till at length the climber vanished from their eyes behind a projecting crag. For a few moments, which seemed ages to the anxious crowd, nothing was to be seen of him; and in that dead hush of expectation, the excited watchers could almost hear the loud beating of their own hearts.

But, at last, on the very summit of the peak, rose up, stark and bold against the crimson sky, the outlines of a human figure, and a shout of defiant exultation, which the mountain-echoes gave sullenly back, came rolling faintly to the ears of those below.

An hour later, Prince Narishkin, calm and self-possessed, as if fresh from an after-dinner promenade, rejoined the party, and was greeted with the unanimous applause of his expectant rivals, who led him in triumph to the "best room" of the little chalet, whither the three ladies had betaken themselves long before.

"Monsieur le Prince," said Natalia, with a heroic effort to preserve the cold composure which now failed her for the first time in her life, "it appears that you alone have won my prize; if you think it worth your acceptance, here it is."

"Mine, to dispose of as I please?" asked Narishkin.

"Assuredly," replied the young lady, looking somewhat surprised at this strange question.

"Then," cried the prince, all his savage Circassian nature flaming in his fierce, black eyes as he strode toward the fire, and flung the portrait into the heart of the blazing logs, "thus do I dispose of it! And so perish every memorial of her who dares to weigh her caprice in the balance with the lives of brave men!"

"His fierce glance challenged a reply;
But answer came there none."

And before the petrified spectators could recover from their stupefaction, Narishkin, casting a glance of ineffable scorn around him, turned on his heel, and strode out of the room.

Half an hour later, Vera Soltikoff, stealing up to Natalia's room, found her just recovered from a passionate burst of tears, and gazing with an air of strange preoccupation on the Tartar necklace, which lay before her on the table.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND DAY.

It was about two years after the events recorded in the last chapter, that, during one of my flying visits to St. Petersburg, I, an Englishman, received an invitation to an evening *conversazione* at the house of my old acquaintance, M. Nikolai M——, the Secretary for Polish Affairs, at that time in the zenith of his political renown, and still untouched by the cruel disease which afterward prostrated him at once and forever.

I readily answered the summons, and at the appointed time found myself in a small but very handsome drawing-room, furnished in the English style—a fashion which is daily gaining ground in Russia—exchanging greetings with my distinguished host, whose gray head and commanding features were conspicuous amid a knot of celebrities at the further end of the room—a group that would have been a rare prize to any historical painter. There appeared the brown, close-shaven visage of General Romanovski, fresh from his campaign in Bokhara; the dark robes and long flowing hair of the Servian Patriarch, with his golden crucifix glittering on his breast; and the round, ruddy, good-humored face of Count Mouravieff Amouraki, at that time Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, concerning which he had a boundless supply of stories that were well worth hearing. There, beside the slight, elastic frame and firm, soldierly face of General Dmitri M——, my host's elder brother, who had recently attained the rank of Minister of War, rose the towering figure and lion-like head of Ivan Turgenieff, the Thackeray of Russia. There stood the younger Prince Gortschakoff, whose quiet, pleasant face and half-closed eyelids, betraying little outward trace of the keenest diplomatist in Russia, contrasted strangely with the shrivelled visage and small, deep-set, glittering eyes of Count Berg, the famous Governor of Poland.

Most of the guests were already known to me; and, under the able ciceroneship of my hostess, whose talent for hitting off character was unrivalled, I speedily learned the names and conditions of the rest.

Madame M—— was by birth a Circassian, and a splendid specimen of the stately and imperial beauty of the famous mountain race. Still in the bloom of youth—her age falling short of her husband's by eighteen years at least—and bred in a wild region haunted by all the fierce concomitants of guerilla warfare, she nevertheless held her position in society with a grace and self-possession which the most experienced *dame du haut ton* could not have surpassed. How she ever came to marry such a thorough "Russian of the Russians" as M—— was a problem which no one could solve; but that they were devotedly attached to each other, and remarkably agreeable acquaintances in every way, no one had ever attempted to deny.

"This small room and little gathering will seem very poor to you after some of the assemblies you have seen in Russia," said she to me; "but you must be merciful. We poor ministerial folks cannot indulge in great fêtes, as the rich merchants and tradesmen do."

"At all events," answered I, "the taste of the room may atone for its smallness, the celebrity of the guests for their fewness, and your presence for all defects whatsoever."

"You are graciously pleased to say so," rejoined the young lady, inclining her head in mock courtesy. "But, seriously, there are several people here to-night who are well worth your attention. I think you know all those to whom my husband is talking; I'll be your *valet de place* with the rest. This tall, grave young man near the door is one of our best native linguists; he knows more languages than I can count, and went as interpreter with General Romanovski when we invaded Turkestan last year; yet his father was only a serf, and he himself would have been no better but for the emancipation. So you see the Russian peasantry have something in them, whatever those spiteful foreign newspapers may say. Do you see that fat, red-headed creature yonder in the corner beside the fireplace? He's a councilor of state, and heaven knows what besides. The beginning of all his prosperity was his father's embezzlement of a large amount of government money in 1812, when everything was in confusion at the coming of Napoleon; however, we are obliged to be civil to him for political reasons. That quiet, pale, light-haired little man who is sitting by himself between the two windows, what would you take him to be? No doubt a student of theology, or a German pupil teacher. He's neither the one nor the other, but one of the bravest men and most adventurous explorers in all Russia, who has ventured into all manner of horrible places in Central Asia, where a European's life is not worth a kopeck" (a Russian farthing), "and come safe back again. I could give you as many stories about him as would make a book; but there's one I must tell you, just to show you what kind of a man he is. The Autumn before last he set out to explore the country to the east of Tashkent, between the Syr-Daria and the Chinese frontier, taking nobody with him but a Cossack and two Turkomans. Now, you know what shocking rogues those Turkomans are; so as soon as he was well away from any Russian settlement, and fairly entangled among the mountains, those rascals mutinied, and swore they wouldn't go a foot further unless he doubled their pay; while the Cossack, of course, stood neutral till he saw which way the game would go. 'At once,' said our friend, when he told me the story, stroking his little moustache, and with a voice as mild as a summer breeze—'at once I took out my revolver, and intimated that I would shoot them both if they did not instantly go on; and they knew very well that I would keep my word.'"

While I was still laughing at this characteristic anecdote, the door opened, and a gigantic lackey, covered with a perfect plethora of lace and brass buttons, announced "Prince and Princess Narishkin!"

The new-comers were a handsome young man with a somewhat Italian cast of features, and a beautiful but rather melancholy-looking girl, apparently several years younger than her husband. Their appearance strongly reminded me of a picture, seen in some German gallery years before, of Othello and Desdemona; and, indeed, the stern, swarthy face of the one, contrasted with the pensive beauty of the other, might fitly represent the warlike Moor and his lovely Venetian.

By the *empressement* with which the company received them, I guessed that both were well known in the fashionable world; but I had barely time to exchange bows with them, when I was pounced upon by Count Mouravieff, eager as ever for an opportunity of pouring forth his Siberian recollections; and, for at least an hour to come, the Amour and the Desert of Gobi blotted from my mind all memory of St. Petersburg.

"I'm glad you've seen the princess," said Madame M——, when I again found myself beside her, later in the evening; "you will be able to tell your friends at home that there are some pretty women in Russia, though I cannot answer for their believing you,

"I did not require the sight of Princess Narishkin to teach me that," answered I, with a low bow.

"Ah, I see that you travellers know how to flatter," replied my hostess, smiling. "But really the princess is one of our reigning beauties, and has made quite a *furore* in society. Did you ever hear the history of her marriage? It is quite a romance. When she and her mother were in Switzerland, two years ago, they fell in with a party of friends in one of those funny little valleys just out of the gorge of the Rhone; and what must she do but offer her *carte-de-visite* as a prize to any one who would climb one of those unscaleable peaks which you venturesome English are so fond of. Well, of all who tried it only Dmitri Narishkin succeeded; and when he received the likeness, the first thing he did was to throw it into the fire, and march off without even saying good-by—just like him, the mad fellow? But they met again in St. Petersburg the winter following; and whether it was that he was the only man who had ever dared to defy her—which goes a long way with some women—or whether the wonderful stories that she had heard of him, and his bravery on the mountain, prepossessed her in his favor, or whether it was mere caprice—which you naughty men say is the mainspring of every woman's actions—at all events, he soon gained an influence over her such as neither man nor woman had ever held before; and when the report got abroad that they were going to be married, no one was at all surprised. But it is not a happy marriage. Even on her wedding-day she looked nervous and troubled, giving quite a shudder when the crown that is used according to the ritual of the Greek Church was put upon her head; and I find that she is unaccountably, I might say almost superstitiously, disturbed at the disappearance of the pearl necklace which she wore on her wedding morning, and which has never turned up again."

"If I dare hint such a thing," I remarked, "I would say that she seems afraid of her husband."

"And well she may be, poor thing!" returned Madame, with a sigh. "His mother, you know, was a Circassian, like myself, so I naturally take some interest in him; but, frankly, he is not a man to be loved, however much one may admire him. There was always something cruel lurking, so to speak, in the background of his nature, like a wild beast in ambush; and now, that he is married, he has become furiously jealous into the bargain. I am afraid the union will end badly. I have known her since she was a child, and she tells me everything; but now there seems to be something on her mind, which she won't tell even to me. Only the other day, when we had been talking merrily enough for more than an hour, she stopped short all of a sudden, looked fixedly before her, like one in a trance, and said, in a low dreamy voice, as if thinking aloud, 'If I ever lose my husband's love, I shall give all my jewels to the Moscow charities, and retire from the world; but it is unlikely that I shall live long enough for that.'"

The last words knelled in my ears with a dreary and ominous significance which I could neither explain nor resist. All through the evening they haunted me; and when I turned upon the threshold, in passing out, to cast a final glance at the princess and her stern husband, the words seemed to be again muttered in my ear by some invisible being. Had I guessed how and where I should next behold those two proud, handsome faces, I would scarcely have taken my farewell glance of them with such composure. But it is not for man to know the future; and it is well for us, perhaps, that it is so.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD DAY.

Extract from a private letter, written at the time to a friend.

Moscow, March 14, 186—.

As regards the strange affair on the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, I can tell you only what I myself saw; for the rest is mere conjecture. There can be no doubt, however, by this time that the person whom I suspected was really guilty; and I can but regret that he has escaped as easily as he seems to have done.

"But to my story. I left St. Petersburg by the 2.30 express on Friday, February 28th, and wishing to make myself as comfortable as possible—for it was desperately cold—got into a first-class compartment, where I found an officer, a lady, and a man who might have been anything, for his fur collar and cap hid his face completely. The train was just going to start, which was perhaps the reason why no more people got in; though, indeed, there wouldn't have been much room for them anyhow, for we all had a good deal of light luggage, except, indeed, the wrapped-up man, who seemed to have nothing with him but a large bundle.

"Well, off went the train, and for the first fifteen or twenty versts I was silent—poor Albert Smith used to say we English always are when among foreigners; but by-and-by I got to exchanging a few words with the officer, and presently the lady who was with him joined in. They spoke in French, at which I'm pretty fluent, as you know—and, after all, though the Russian's a fine language, you must own that, for conversation at least, it's inferior to French; so in a little time we rattled away famously; and by the time we reached Luban, where the first twenty minutes' halt is made, we were quite on intimate terms. Here my two friends got out to take a snack; but I, having made a big dinner just before starting, felt no inclination to begin eating again so soon; so I just strolled up and down the platform, till, noticing that the muffled man didn't stir, I went to see how he was getting on.

"All the time we had been chatting this man had never said a word, but sat in his corner like a wax figure; and when I looked in and saw him still sitting there motionless with his bundle beside him, it reminded me somehow of a picture I saw long ago at Berlin, in which a murderer was to be seen sitting watching beside the body of his victim. The man looked up in a quick, suspicious way as I got in, thereby exposing for the first time part of his face. He was so coarsely dressed that I wondered how he came to be travelling first-class at all; but in that moment I caught a glimpse of a face that never belonged to one of the *bourgeoisie* since the world began.

"Well, presently the officer and the lady got in again, and we resumed our conversation. I don't know how it happened, but somehow or other our talk turned upon murders, and one horrible story followed another, till at last I got quite sick of it, and said, rather excitedly:

"'There's one thing to comfort one over all these horrors, that the villains who cause them are certain to be found out and punished.'

"The words were barely out of my mouth when a low, chuckling laugh, which made me start as if I had been stung, came from under the wrappings of the unknown. There was something in the sound so utterly diabolic, that I really felt as if the devil himself were sitting opposite to me, mocking at what I had just said. But before I could make any remark, the stranger joined in the conversation for the first time.

"'Monsieur is of opinion, then,' said he, in the most perfect French, 'that it is impossible for any one to commit a murder without being sooner or later detected, and brought to justice?'

"'Precisely,' I replied, rather curtly; for there was a latent sarcasm in his tone which made me think, though I could not tell why, that he was laughing at me. Added to this, I felt though I had no reason to give for feeling it—the strongest repugnance to the man from the moment he began to speak.

"'Then I fear I must take the liberty of differing from monsieur on that point,' he returned, in a smooth, slippery kind of voice which gave me the same feeling one has in looking at a snake. 'I have myself known many cases where investigation proved fruitless, and where the murderer is, in all probability, still at large—at large, it may be, to give room for new investigations and new failures.'

"'May I ask,' I inquired, whether those cases occurred in Russia?'

"'In Russia and elsewhere,' he rejoined. 'But it strikes me that even in England murderers are not always brought to justice I have some faint recollection of a case called the "Waterloo Bridge Murder" (or some name of that kind,) which made a great noise at the time, and yet appeared to end in nothing. Messieurs de la Police are very clever, but they are not omniscient.'

"'They're cleverer than many people think them, perhaps, said I, rather sharply; for my unaccountable aversion to the man—though I had hardly spoken with him two minutes—was growing stronger and stronger.

"'Perhaps,' he returned, with a slight sneer. 'But, let them be as clever as they may, I would not mind laying a heavy wager that they, or any one—you yourself, if you like—might sit face to face with a murderer and talk with him—ay, just after the deed was done—without finding him out!'

"He pronounced the last few words in a tone almost of triumph which made me tingle from head to foot. Had I obeyed my first impulse at that moment, I should have collared him and cried out, 'Seize this man, he's a murderer!' You will say that it is a pity I did not; and certainly, had I known then one-half of what I have since learned about the affair, I would have attempted to arrest him, let the risk be what it might. I could see, however, that my two companions had their suspicions of him as well as myself; and well they might, for to hear a man, dressed like a porter, talk pure French, and express himself as this fellow had, was enough to set one thinking. But whether they had an idea of anything being wrong, or merely took him for some young swell going about in *mufti* by way of a frolic, I cannot say, as when I was about to hint my suspicions to them, the train stopped at Volkhovo, if I recollect right, and my two acquaintances alighted to eat, as before. Immediately afterward, the stranger got out, too, saying to me, very politely, "Will you kindly see that no one takes my place while I get some dinner?' Of course I assented, and away he went. You will hardly believe that even I, unimaginative as you call me, felt a kind of actual horror at being left alone in this way—just as though there were some evil presence with me in the carriage; and yet, except our baggage and the stranger's bundle, there was nothing there but myself. The feeling gained upon me so much, that at last I fairly got out and stood beside the door.

"My two companions soon reappeared, but the stranger seemed to be a long time over his dinner. During the whole half an hour's halt I saw nothing of him, and, when the train started again, he was still missing. I made a remark about it to the officer, who replied that the man had probably got into another carriage by mistake, and that we should see him at the next station. However, he never appeared, and as station after station was passed without any sign of him, we at last began to deliberate what should be done with the bundle which was left on our hands in this unceremonious way. The consultation ended in the officer calling the guard at the next station, and telling him the whole story. The guard laughed, and said something in Russian, which I could not catch. The officer turned to me and remarked, 'He tells me that this fellow is probably a rogue, who has left his package on purpose, meaning to claim some one else's luggage; and that to make all safe, he intends opening the bundle at once, and we are to go with him and see it done.' So we all went into the guard-room, and the man undid the bundle, which seemed to contain nothing but a fine velvet cloak tightly rolled up. He unrolled it, and instantly jumped back, with a loud 'Ach!' as if he had trodden upon a serpent; and no wonder—for when I stepped forward what did I see but a woman's head!

"The face was one of the most beautiful I ever saw, looking almost like ivory upon the black velvet, and not in the least distorted; she must have been killed sleeping. There was a jeweled tiara in her hair, and a pearl necklace glued to the skin from the blood round the neck; but the strangest appendage of all was a small piece of paper fixed upon the forehead, inscribed, 'The jewels for Moscow; the head for St. Petersburg'—a direction of which I did not guess the meaning till some time later on.

"Well, you may imagine what an uproar there was when the discovery got abroad. Most of the people who came in ran out again directly they saw the head; for the law against touching a dead body, which was rigidly enforced under Nicholas, still remains a good deal in the minds of the people. Two or three ladies fainted outright; and the shouting, screaming and trampling were enough to deafen one. As for us three who had been in the same carriage with the man, of course we had to tell all we knew, have our evidence taken down, and give our addresses in case we should be wanted: so that, altogether, it was good two hours before we could get under way again—and we were late enough in reaching Moscow, as you may imagine. P——, who was at the station waiting for me (you met him once, I think, at St. Petersburg), seemed quite startled at my haggard looks, and asked anxiously what had happened to upset me. I might well be upset, indeed—for to read of these things in romances is very different from actually meeting with them in real life. When I told my story, however, he looked somewhat incredulous, as well he might, and muttered something about 'travellers' tales;' but my persistence in the same account seemed to impress him, and I remarked that next morning he went out betimes to secure a copy of the St. Petersburg News of the day before—which showed me plainly what he was thinking of. He returned in about an hour, looking more excited than I had ever before seen him, and, pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, cried, 'This must be it—listen:'

"'SHOCKING AND MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—The whole metropolis has just been thrown into consternation by one of those atrocious murders which from time to time appear to recall the crimes of the Dark Ages. The victim, as all our readers will grieve to learn, is the well-known and charming Princess Natalia Ivanovna Narishkin, the most celebrated of our Russian beauties. It appears that yesterday morning the princess's *femme-de-chambre*, on taking a cup of chocolate to her mistress, who had graced a ball with her presence the evening before, was horror-struck to find her stretched lifeless on the floor, bathed in blood. Frightful to relate, the head had been completely severed from the body, and was nowhere to be found.

"'We regret to add that there is reason to fear that this appalling bereavement has driven to self-destruction the unfortunate prince, her husband, who has not been heard of since the night of the murder.'

"'Well, what do you think?' asked P——, as he folded up the paper.

"'I think,' I answered, 'that that bit about her husband's self-destruction is very neatly put in; but they can't throw dust in everybody's eyes in that way. Not to self-destruction has he been driven, at any rate; for I would bet fifty roubles that he was the man I met in the train, and that the murder was not seven hours old when I first saw him.'

"'It seems likely enough,' said P——, musingly; 'but, granting that to be the case, what do you make of the writing on her forehead, "The jewels for Moscow; the head for St. Petersburg?"'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I remember now that at the only house where I ever met the Narishkins, a lady told me that the princess used often to say, that if she ever lost her husband's love, she meant to retire from the world, and give all her jewels to the public charities of Moscow. Her husband would be certain to remember such a speech, and the inscription on the paper doubtless was meant as a horrible mockery of her words.'

"And these, my dear M——, are all the particulars I can give you on the subject."

(To meet in advance any charge of improbability, I may here say that the facts recorded in the above chapter are strictly true, and occurred precisely as stated in the text. The murderer was afterwards arrested and hung.)

The Romance of Suicide.

If a Frenchman is a success in anything, he undoubtedly is in suicides. He is all the time finding out a new way to put himself out. The French woman, when tired of this deceitful world, is content to take her departure by means of a pan of charcoal and a close room; but the man must have a more novel and exciting death. The ground has been so thoroughly gone over, that it is hard now—indeed, has long been hard—to make one's final exit without making it exactly as some other wearied one has made it before. There *is* a way, tried once, it is true, but more novel than any other we know of. A Frenchman long thought of suicide; he was determined upon it, but how to do it nicely and with *eclat* was the problem. He solved it. After a month or two of exercise he became a fair gymnast, and, promising to do most wonderful and unrivalled feats, was engaged at one of the main theatres. The place was thronged, of course, for we mortals do so like to see others peril their lives for our gratification. While the man was on the trapeze high up above the the heads of the congregated thousands, he hung down by his knees, and holding a pistol to his head, blew out all the brains he had. The thing was a grand success. We need hardly add the inanimate body descended rapidly to the people below, but it is not related that it sent any of them after its late owner. A young Swiss, in Paris, who had lived there long enough to become French, has just "suicided," or attempted to suicide, as the word-makers call it, after a romantic fashion. He was a lodger in a furnished house. The landlord became bankrupt, the furniture was sold, but when the purchasers came to remove it, the Swiss bolted his door and swore he would never leave. He had become desperately in love with a woman on the same landing of the stairs, whose door was immediately opposite his. She was old enough to be his mother. He could not bring himself to think he might never see her again. They sent for the police, who broke open the door and extricated the fellow with his baggage. Two hours afterwards the janitor had occasion to go upstairs. What was his horror to see the corpse of the Swiss swinging from the stair banisters, and just in front of the door where his love lives. Examination discovered the rope around his neck to be the bell-rope of her door. How touching, that! The police commissioner was sent for, who ordered the body to be carried to the Morgue. It lay on the form all night. The following morning the attendant turned the cock and let water-spray fall on the corpse. This is done to keep the bodies from putrefaction as long as possible. The attendant thought he detected a wry face made by the corpse when the spray first fell. He shut off the water, then turned it on; there was another wry face. He examined the body and found it to be still warm. The physician came and declared the man to be alive, but in a lethargy superinduced by a congestion of the brain, which was caused by the great tension of the vertebral column, which had not been broken by the hanging. The doctor added that the man would soon awake, and ordered the body to be carried to a house. In two hours he recovered his senses, after a lethargy of forty-eight hours. So fine a scheme should not have failed. The Swiss has our sympathy. As he can't die, why does he not do the next best thing, and marry the woman?

GOOD NEWS.

A bachelor who wrote to a New York paper complaining that he could not live on $1200 a year, received the following answer:

"It seems to be a common mistake with young men to regard wives as luxuries which they hope to purchase when in a position to do so. In that case it naturally follows that they regard them as expensive. Now, that is the wrong idea entirely. No doubt there are women who look upon marriage as merely a means of being well provided for, but such are in the minority. The greater portion of American girls are willing to be helpmates to the men they love."

Such words are happy enough to make the types dance.

☞ A large party of Americans are travelling through Egypt and the Holy Land with guides, camels, dromedaries, and all the desert paraphernalia.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Croffut, the Table Talker of the Chicago Post, advocates a new departure in advertising. It has always seemed to him that it would pay to start a magazine of the size and character of the Atlantic or Galaxy—to be devoted to advertising. For it such contributors as Bret Harte, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Helen Hunt, Henry Ward Beecher, James Russell Lowell, Howells, Fields and Parton should be engaged and liberally salaried. In all the stories, essays, reviews and poems, advertisements should be inserted at such high rates as were demanded by the expense of the enterprise and the character of the publicity given. The Table Talker will not further elaborate this idea, but will conclude with a few specimens from advance sheets of the April number:—

(From "Besieged by the Paynim: A Tale of Granada."—Bayard Taylor.)

* * * * * With a sad heart the white-haired Conde, leaning heavily on the arm of his daughter, ascended to the top of the barbican. A solitary sentinel, in habergeon, and corselet, armed with musquetoon and sword, paced his rounds. The moon, hidden by a bank of deep-blue cloud, showed occasional glimpses of her wan face. The country, far as the eye could reach, twinkled with the camp-fires of the besiegers, the neighing of whose chargers and the dismal braying of whose gongs could plainly be heard. Suddenly a whiz was heard as of an arrow, and the sentinel fell dead, a shaft which had pierced his brain quivering in his heart. "By St. Jago, we are observed," said the Conde to Maritana, as he drew the timid girl behind the shelter of a battlement. "Ha!" he added, "by St. Mungo of the Abencorrage, what have we here?" By the pale moonlight Maritana saw a letter fastened to the arrow. She detached it. It was sprinkled with the heart's blood of the sentinel, stout Ruy Guzman. She opened it and read these words; "Messrs. Blifkins & Jugg, 188 South Park street, have received a large consignment," etc.

(From "The Beauty of Galoot Gulch."—Bret Harte.)

* * * * "Well, pardner, I rake those persimmons; dog gone my everlasting gizzard if I don't." So saying, the gamblers threw down their cards. Jay Bird had four aces. He smiled a quiet smile and drew the flour-barrel full of gold-dust toward him. With a malevolent smile, Chawd Nose slowly spread out his cards. He had five eights of clubs! "Ax your parding," he said, with a fiendish chuckle, "but how is this yer for high?" Without a word, Jay Bird drew his deringer. A sharp report was followed by a dull fall. The ball had passed through Chawd Nose's brain, and, passing on, knocked the glass of dog's-nose which Judge Buzzard was drinking into a thousand fragments. He uttered a terrible oath. But Jay Bird did not heed him. He was kneeling with compressed lips beside the murdered ruffian. "Stand away, Scooty," he said, hoarsely, "and you, Skiddy Bullrat, dust out of that. Let the girl come." The men stood back as the beauty of Galoot Gulch advanced to the side of the father whom her lover had slain. "Dead as pork, I reckon," she said; "and you've smashed one of our best tumblers, mister; blast your eternal pictur if you haint." The rude men had stood with averted countenances and wet eyes during the beauty's grief. But Hog-Eye now advanced and seized one of the eights of clubs. "See hyur," he shouted. A dozen bowies were drawn, but fell from the nerveless hands of their owners. There, on the card, spattered with the dead gambler's brains, these men read this solemn confession: "Buggins's Cathartic Pills Never Fail."

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

A bright old city on a fresh green lake—white houses nestling in the midst of trees; quaint streets, arcades, and spires: grim minsters looking down on shop and stall; wide quays and bridges, piers and water-mills; old convents, walls, and towers; new colleges, hotels, and railway lines; the records of a thousand years, the fancies of a passing day; a church of Charles the Great, a palace of the modern arts; one river leading from the lake; a second river rushing from the hills; around you mounds and crests, here rolling outward towards the Adlis-berg, there straining upwards to the Albis chain; each hill with vineyards at its base and village-belfry on its top; and in the front, beyond the stretch of shining lake, the rugged line of Alps, all swathed and lit with snow—is Zurich City, capital of Zurich Canton, and a paradise of learning and of learned men. Some natives speak of Zurich as the Swiss Athens: men who live in books and have their hearts inflamed by ancient Greeks. For Zurich is the centre of a Switzer's intellectual life. Among her literary and artistic circles, she can boast academies of art and music; institutes of science and of law; botanic gardens, public libraries, and museums; a society of public usefulness; a Gruth Club, an Alpine Club, a reading club, a natural history club; societies of commerce and of agriculture; many hospitals, retreats, asylums; a society of antiquities; a public garden on the lake; a theatre; a temple of Freemasons; many church unions; and a hundred colleges and schools. The university is here; the polytechnic is here; the anatomical school is here; the cantonal schools and burgher schools are here. You shining edifice on the slope above the Hereticʼs Tower is a palace of the practical arts. This block abutting on the minster is the ladies' school. Those buildings in the tulip-trees are secondary schools. In the Virgin's quarter, near the town hall, stands the city school for boys. On every side, in almost every street, you find a school; a primary school, a secondary school, a supplementary school; day schools, evening schools; schools for the blind; schools for the deaf and dumb—all models of their kind—industrial schools, commercial schools; linguistic schools; yes, schools of every sort and size, excepting actual pauper schools. For Canton Zurich has no paupers born and bred; no paupers known and labelled as a class apart. Some poor she has, but they are few in number.

CRITICISM.

The old feud between authors and critics, a feud old as literature, has not risen on the ground of chariness in praise, but rather on the ground of deficient sympathy, and the tendency to interpret an author's work according to some standard which is not his. Instead of placing themselves at his point of view, and seeing what he has attempted, how far he has achieved the aim, and whether the aim itself were worthy of achievement, critics have thrust between his work and the public some vague conception of what they required, and measured it by an academic or conventional standard derived from other works. Fond as an author necessarily is of praise, and pained as he must always be by blame, he is far more touched by a sympathetic recognition of his efforts, and far more hurt by a misrepresentation of them. No hyperbole of laudation gives a tithe of the delight which is given by sympathetic insight. Unhappily for the author, this can but sparingly be given by critics, who trust less to their emotions than to their standards of judgment: for the greater the originality of the writer, and the less inclination he has for familiar processes and already-trodden tracks, the greater must be the resistance he will meet with from minds accustomed to move in those tracks, and to consider excellence confined within them. It is in the nature of the critical mind to judge according to precedent: and few minds have flexibility enough to adopt at once a novelty which is destined in its turn to become a precedent. —*Lewes.*

OLIVE ADAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY W. WADE WOODSON.

PINCKNEY MEADE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

On entering the office, indicated by the foregoing sign, the reader might reasonably expect to find a gentleman poring over some ponderous tome, or busily engaged in drawing up some legal document, whilst scattered about on tables and desks, or peeping out from mouldy pigeon-holes, were huge bundles of musty papers. On the contrary, however, there was an air of neatness and order about the rooms, somewhat unusual in such establishments, whilst a choice collection of early spring flowers, that grew in the boxes on the window-sills, shed a fragrance not at all suggestive of ancient tittle deeds and musty parchment. The gentleman whose name appeared before the door, was seated at a table carelessly glancing over a morning paper. He was, perhaps, twenty-six years of age, and no one could look upon his handsome intellectual face without feeling assured that he was highly endowed with the noblest attributes of mind and heart.

Pinckney Meade had been engaged in the practice of his profession but a few years, and was already looked upon as one of the most powerful advocates at the Baltimore bar. Though not dependent on his profession for a support (being possessed of considerable wealth), he was devoted to it, and his practice was now a lucrative and increasing one. He had been in close attendance on the courts for several months, and sadly needed the recreation which the vacation would afford him.

Having finished the perusal of the paper, the young man arose and commenced walking about the room, occasionally stopping to bend over his flowers and inhale their sweetness. In a short time, his friend and *confrere*, Fred Hopkins, entered the room, and the two were soon engaged in a lively desultory chat.

"I have an idea of spending my holidays in the country," said Pinckney. "Won't you accompany me?"

"I should be greatly pleased to do so," answered Fred; "but I can't possibly leave the city at this time. Where do you think of going?"

"I have a notion that I could spend a month very agreeably at the village of L——. I passed through it last summer, and was charmed with the picturesque beauty of its situation. It is true, I have but one acquaintance in the village, the charming Miss Macon, who has been spending the winter in Baltimore—but acquaintances can be easily formed in the country. Yes, I'll spend a few weeks at L——."

"I rather suspect," said his friend, "that the charms of Miss Macon are the chief attractions that draw you in the direction of the *picturesque* village."

"Why, Fred," laughed his companion, "you know how enthusiastic I am in my love of the country: I can truly appreciate at this lovely season, at least, that 'there is a pleasure in the pathless woods.'"

"The appreciation would, no doubt, be enhanced with Miss Macon as a companion. But, really, I hope you may spend a pleasant time, and if it were possible, I would gladly accompany you."

The Miss Macon above alluded to was regarded as the reigning belle of the village to which Pinckney had expressed his intention of going. She was quite pretty, highly accomplished and intelligent, though artificial in her manners, and of a proud and passionate temper. She had spent the preceding winter in Baltimore, where she had been much admired. Pinckney Meade had passed many of his leisure hours in her society, and as his friend had hinted, it was more for the purpose of renewing this intercourse than anything else that he now determined to visit that section of the country. He was not alone in wishing to renew this intercourse. Helen Macon had become deeply interested in the talented young barrister; and, though he had said nothing of paying her a visit, she sometimes indulged the hope that he would do so. Of course, then, she was greatly elated on learning that he had arrived at the hotel in the village, where he expressed his intention of remaining several weeks.

Soon after his arrival, he called on Miss Macon, and thenceforward paid her such assiduous attention that he was looked upon as her accepted suitor, by the friends to whom she had introduced him. One morning, as he was entering the gate which led to Mr. Macon's house, he encountered a lady who was just leaving. He was in an instant spell-bound by her wondrous beauty. Hurriedly ascending the steps, he rang the bell with unusual energy, and being shown into the parlor, was soon joined by Miss Macon.

"Miss Helen," he said, as soon as the customary greetings were passed, "can you tell me the name of the lovely girl I met as I entered the gate?"

"Indeed, I cannot," she replied. "No one has called on me this morning. If you will describe her, I can perhaps gratify your curiosity, as I think I know by sight, every young lady in the village."

"No language could do her justice," said Pinckney. "So I will not attempt anything like a minute description; I can only say that she had a wealth of golden hair, large, earnest brown eyes, a fair skin, and a perfect figure.

"That is a flattering portraiture of Olive Adair," said his companion. "I suppose it must have been she."

"Olive Adair," he repeated, "what a charming name too. Does she live in the village?"

"Certainly she does. Her mother's residence is but a short distance up the street."

"Strange," he said, "that I have never met with her before."

"Not at all strange," she replied, "she is not on our visiting list; indeed she is not in society."

"What was she doing here this morning, then?" he asked.

"Oh! she comes here very frequently, but not as a visitor. She is hired to give my sisters music lessons."

"Ah! indeed. Only a music teacher. Poor thing," and he sighed as the subject was dismissed. Do what he would, however, his thoughts would revert to the beautiful girl who had appeared before him like the impersonation of some glorious creature of fancy.

In the evening he called on Miss Clara Foster, to whom he had been introduced by Helen. In the course of conversation he alluded to Miss Adair, and expressed the greatest admiration of her beauty.

"Yes," said Clara, "and I assure you she is as good as she is lovely. Olive and I are great friends; and I never knew a girl who possessed so many excellent qualities."

"She is a music teacher, I am told," said Pinckney.

"Yes, she gives lessons to Mr. Macon's girls, and a few others, for the purpose of educating her younger brothers and sisters. Her father was an eminent physician, and every one thought that he had saved a good deal of money; but after his death, which occurred two years ago, it was found that his expenses had nearly equalled his income. His large family were left in quite a dependent position; and Olive, then but eighteen years old, commenced giving lessons in music, for which her excellence, both as a vocalist and performer, eminently qualifies her."

"Well, I must say that you have greatly excited my interest in the young lady; she is truly a heroine."

"When you know her better, Mr. Meade, you will feel that my warmest praises cannot equal her merit. I suppose you have met her frequently at Mr. Macon's?"

"I regret to say that I never saw her until this morning, when I was perfectly charmed with her appearance: I was completely enraptured, but my ardor was damped, I must confess, on being informed that Miss Adair did not move in good society."

"Not move in good society!" she repeated, in great surprise. "Pray, Mr. Meade, who gave you that information?"

"Miss Helen Macon," he replied.

"Why, how could Helen say such a thing. I assure you, it is a mistake. Olive visits in the very best society that our little place affords, and she is a loved and honored visitor wherever she goes."

"Well, Miss Foster, as I said before, you have greatly interested me in your friend, and I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to form her acquaintance."

"If you will call here to-morrow evening," said Clara, "I will go with you to Mrs. Adair's house, and take pleasure in introducing you to Olive."

"You can't imagine how gladly I shall avail myself of your kind offer," said Pinckney, who soon afterwards returned to his hotel to dream of Olive Adair. Punctual to his engagement, Pinckney called the next evening for Miss Foster, and together they proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Adair.

On their return, our hero declared that he had never spent a more pleasant evening. He soon became even more constant in his attentions to Olive than he had ever been to Helen Macon. In fact, he loved the charming young "music teacher," with a passionate earnestness, to which his heart had been heretofore a stranger. And oh! how tenderly was his affection reciprocated by the gentle girl, who saw in her impassioned lover all that was grand, gifted, and noble.

Pinckney still continued his visits to Helen, but at less frequent intervals than before, and she was not long in finding out the cause. Mortified and chagrined beyond endurance to find that Olive Adair had supplanted her in the admiration and regard of Pinckney Meade, she determined if she could not win him back herself, to blight at once all the hopes of her rival. Calling to her aid all the arts of which she was mistress, she strove to bring back her errant swain. Her efforts in this direction being vain, she now proceeded to operate upon Olive. She became exceedingly affable and kind in her manner, feigning an interest in that young lady's welfare that was anything but real. Poor Olive, guileless and unsuspecting herself, gave Helen credit for candor and sincerity, and thus rendered herself an easy victim.

One morning, when the girls had been dismissed from their lessons, Helen entered the room where Olive, seated at the piano, was warbling one of those joyous, happy strains which seem to issue spontaneously from a contented heart. In a few moments Helen very adroitly made Pinckney Meade the subject of conversation.

"I hear, Olive," she said, "that he is a great admirer of yours, and is almost constantly in your company."

"Oh! no," replied Olive, "he comes occasionally to our house. The current report is that you and he are engaged to be married."

"Reports, you know, are not always correct. I heard so much about Mr. Meade in Baltimore last winter that I know what importance to attach to his professions."

"Why, what did you hear?" asked Olive in some alarm. "Nothing to his discredit, I hope."

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Helen, "only that he was the most consummate flirt in the city."

"I had supposed that Mr. Meade was too manly and honorable for that," was the low-murmured reply of Olive.

"Why, you don't consider it dishonorable in a man to flirt with a pretty girl, do you?"

"Most assuredly I do," said Olive.

"One would hardly suppose, from Mr. Meade's manner and conversation, that he would trifle with a trusting woman's love, and on this account he has been particularly fortunate in the heart-breaking business, as I learned in Baltimore. You won't think hard of me if I tell you what I heard him say a week or two ago, will you, Olive?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"I think it was about the time he commenced paying you attentions that he remarked to me one day, that when he first came here he expected to have a very dull time, but that he thought then he could enliven it a little by a flirtation with the pretty music teacher. I have felt that I ought to tell you, darling, in order to put you on your guard against Mr. Meade's wiles. But you must not think hard of me for telling you, dear; nor must you let Mr. Meade know that I have told you. He would never forgive me for 'spoiling his fun,' as he jocularly calls it. Now, say that you forgive me, or I shall be miserable."

"I am sure I have nothing to forgive," said Olive as she forced back the tears that were springing to her eyes. "I ought rather to be grateful to you for letting me know Mr. Meade's plans in reference to myself."

No more was said, but the poisoned arrow had entered the heart at which it was aimed, turning all its joy into bitterness. Poor Olive! this then was the end of her blissful dream. Her idol was crushed. Pinckney Meade, the grand, the noble and the true, was after all a selfish, soulless hypocrite!

Pinckney's visit had already been extended beyond the prescribed limit, and business engagements now imperatively demanded his presence in the city. He could not leave, however, without telling Olive how necessary she had become to his happiness. So, on the last evening of his stay in the village, he took occasion to inform her of the sentiments he entertained towards her. To his infinite pain and surprise she refused to listen to his protestations of love. In vain he pleaded for at least a respectful hearing—she coldly evaded every approach to the subject.

Unutterably wretched, he left her; and when he called soon afterwards on Clara Foster for the purpose of bidding her adieu, she was greatly shocked at his altered appearance. At her earnest solicitation he frankly explained the cause of his trouble.

"I do assure you, Mr. Meade," she said, "that there is some terrible mistake. Olive would treat no gentleman in that way without at least thinking she had good cause. But I'll find out all about it and let you know."

He wrung her hand in token of his gratitude, and with this faint hope in his heart returned to Baltimore. He found it impossible though to give his attention to his business. His heart was constantly alternating between hope and despair. Hardly a week had passed since his return to the city when a letter reached him, post-marked L——. With trembling fingers he broke the seal, and these few golden words met his eyes:—

"I told you there was some mistake. Olive, poor darling, has told me all about it. Come back at once.

"Most truly your friend, C. F."

The reader may imagine with what haste he flew back to L——. Clara fully explained away the mistake, and without delay he went to seek Olive. She was alone in the parlor when he entered.

"My own!"

"My darling!" and he pressed her lovingly to his heart as her bowed head rested on his shoulder.

A few months later, and on a cloudless morning the village church was crowded with friends, who came to witness the marriage of Pinckney Meade and Olive Adair.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

The proceedings of March 11, closed the first preparatory session of the National Commissioners representing the States and Territories under the act of Congress, to provide for the commemoration of the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence by an International Exhibition in Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876. Resolutions were passed adopting Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, as the site for the Exhibition; providing for plans and estimates for buildings to furnish fifty acres of floor space; distributing the details of business to the various committees, and requesting co-operation by the Governors and organizations of the various States and Territories. The Commissioners then adjourned until the 23d of May. Before the adjournment, Hon. Orestes Cleveland, of New Jersey, who was presiding in the place of Governor Hawley of Connecticut, delivered the following address:—

Fellow Commissioners:—I am full of this work, and I dare hardly trust myself to speak at this moment of separation; but it may not be amiss to say a word or two. There has been so much harmony and good feeling developed amongst us that I do most sincerely hope we shall all live to meet in May, when I trust the absent members may also be present, and that we shall live to meet again and again till the whole of this great work is brought to a successful—may I not say, in the interest of civilization itself—a glorious termination, satisfactory to us all.

Some results of this preliminary gathering are already felt amongst us. If any Commissioner journeyed here, no matter from how far, with any doubts hanging over him, I believe I shall speak the sentiments of the whole Commission when I declare that his intercourse with his fellow Commissioners and with the citizens of Philadelphia during the past week, must have removed them all; and in closing this session we are able further to declare to the whole country, and, in a preliminary way, to the whole world, that the Exhibition has become a fixed fact. We have even gone so far as to locate the very site upon which the buildings are to be erected, and that the main building is to cover not less than fifty acres of floor space.

When we were welcomed in Independence Hall, and again in visiting old Carpenters' Hall, I was impressed with the grand and glorious memories clustering round about Philadelphia, all pointing with solemn significance to the occasion we are preparing to celebrate. May we all have light and strength to appreciate that occasion as it approaches. No such family gathering has ever been known in the world's history, and we shall have passed away and been forgotten when the next one recurs. May we be permitted to rise up to the grandeur and importance of the work before us, so that the results and lessons of our labor may bless and last till our descendants shall celebrate in a similar manner the next centennial.

The vast and varied and marvellous results of inventive industry from all the world shall gather here; and it is fitting—for here, upon this continent, in this new country, under the fostering care of the wise and beneficent provisions of our patent laws, the inventive genius of the age finds her most congenial home. From the international exhibition of 1876 the education of skilled labor, in this country at least, is to take a new departure, and we hope the effect will be felt also, in some measure, by every civilized nation.

Here will be spread out before us the manufactures of Great Britain, the source of all her power. From France will come articles of taste and utility, exquisite in design and perfect in execution. From Russia, iron and leather such as no nation has yet learned to produce. From Berlin and Munich, artistic productions in iron and bronze. From Switzerland, her unequalled wood-carvings and delicate watch work. From Bohemia shall come the perfection of glass-blowing, and musical instruments from the Black Forest.

From the people of poor old Spain, to whose daring and public spirit nearly four centuries back we owe the possibilities of this hour, shall come the evidence of a foretime greatness, now unhappily faded away for want of education amongst the mass of her people. From Nineveh and Pompeii the evidences of a buried past. The progress of the applied arts will be shown from all Europe. From China, her curious workmanship, the result of accumulated ingenuity reaching back beyond the time when history began. Matchless wood-work from Japan, and from far India her treasures rare and wonderful. Turkey and Persia shall bring their gorgeous fabrics to diversify and stimulate our taste. The Queen of the East, passing the Suez Canal, shall cross the great deep and bow her turbaned head to this young giant of the West, and he shall point her people to the source of his vast powers, the education of all the people.

One of our noted orators laid before us the other night such evidence as he could gather of the lost arts of the Ancients, and he demands to know what we have to compensate us for the loss. I claim that we have produced some things, even in this new country, worthy of that orator's notice. Instead of tearing open the bosom of mother earth with the root of a tree, that we may feed upon the bounties of nature, as the ancients did, the green covering rolls away with the perfection and grace of art itself from the polished moulding-board of a Pittsburg steel plough. Machinery casts abroad the seed, and McCormick's reaper gathers the harvest. Whitney's cotton gin prepares the fibre; Lyall's positive motion loom takes the place of the old wheel; and Howe's sewing machine fits the fabric for the use of man. What had the ancients, I demand to know, that could compensate them for the want of these American inventions? I do not speak of the American telegraph, or steam power, that we have done more than all other nations put together in reaching its possibilities. The Magi of the East never dreamed, in the wildest frenzy of their beautiful imaginations, of the wonders of these! Let us now go to our several States and Territories, and enlist every interest of our people in this undertaking; for, whatever the reunited people of the United States undertake, on behalf of the whole country, *will not fail*.

Next year it will become the duty of the General Government to make the International Exhibition known to other countries, to the end that all civilized people may meet with us in 1876 in friendly competition in the progress of the arts of peace. Be it our duty *now* to arouse our own people to a sense of its great value. I know that we go out with our hearts full—let our minds be determined and our hands ready for the labor.

NEWS ITEMS.

Returns from all but eight towns of New Hampshire give Straw, Republican, 1230 majority, which will probably be slightly increased by the full returns. The State Senate will stand 8 Republicans to 4 Democrats. The list of Representatives is incomplete, but, so far as returned, a Republican majority of about 50 in the House is indicated.

The Japanese Embassy gave a grand entertainment on the night of March 14, at the Arlington House, Washington, at which were present a large number of ladies and gentlemen, including many in high public positions.

The Russian fleet, with the Grand Duke Alexis aboard, sailed from the port of Havana at noon on the 12th inst. Alexis goes to Rio de Janeiro direct from Havana, and thence to China via the Cape of Good Hope.

A dispatch has been received at Wilmington, N. C., of the killing of "Boss" Strong, one of the Robeson county Swamp outlaws, on Friday night.

Returns from thirty-three counties in New York show a Republican gain of 31 supervisors in the recent town elections.

Six Chippewa chiefs, from Northern Michigan, are visiting Washington, and have paid their respects to the President.

Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, has signed the bill to prevent the selling of liquor on election days, during the time the polls are open.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF MAZZINI.

Giuseppe Mazzini, the great Italian Liberal, died on Sunday afternoon, March 10, at Pisa, Italy.

He was born at Genoa, on the 28th of June, 1808. One of his chief exploits occurred in 1849, when as a chief of the Roman Republic, he maintained a gallant contest with the French force under General Oudinet, which being settled by a cessation of hostilities, he resigned his station.

After that time he made an abortive attempt to revolutionize Naples, and then returned to England. He had no faith in the kingdom of Italy as at present constituted. Mazzini was a forcible and brilliant writer, an ardent and uncompromising Republican, and in many respects one of the most distinguished Europeans of the present time.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, March 14.—The reply of Secretary Fish to the note of Earl Granville relative to the Alabama case has just reached the Hon. R. C. Schenck. The tone of Mr. Fish's communication is eminently pacific, and an intimation is given of the regret and surprise of the American Government at the English interpretation of the Treaty of Washington.

LONDON, March 14.—In the House of Commons, this evening, Disraeli asked for the production of Secretary Fish's reply to Lord Granville's note on the Alabama claims.

Mr. Gladstone answered that the despatch had been received by the American Minister, but not yet communicated to the Government.

The claimant to the Tichborne estate, who has been in prison since the adverse decision in his case, has hopes of securing the required bail of £50,000 to effect his release. It is reported that the prisoner, if bailed, will immediately be rearrested on the charge of forgery. Mr. Montague Williams is to conduct the prosecution against the prisoner.

ITEMS.

The Posen apothecary, who was arrested in Berlin on the 21st ult., on suspicion of contemplating a murderous attack upon Bismarck, has been released from custody.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are travelling in the south of France.

The total sum contributed by England towards the Chicago relief fund was £162,000.

A demonstration in honor of Mazzini takes place at Rome on Sunday next.

The subscription opened for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Alexandre Dumas amounts now to a considerable sum.

Emigration from Sweden is decreasing.

Japan has imported a German brass band.

Peruvian railways have ladies' smoking cars.

Prince Otto, of Bavaria, is rapidly growing worse, and his death is expected very soon.

LOVE AMONG THE SHAKERS.

The day of confession came at last, and with it most unlooked-for and terrible disclosures. To the horrified amazement of the assembled eldresses, and amid our choking tears, Sister Minerva went down "into the valley of humiliation." With a bitter struggle for composure, her dark eyes dilating, her beautiful face white and set, she confessed that the "baneful poison of natural love" had crept with insidious but giant strides into her heart. What must have been her conviction of sin when, with the courage of despair, she admitted that Brother Ernest had absorbed all her thoughts for many months. She had borrowed his books, learned his language, talked to him; until, suddenly awakened and alarmed at the sympathy, congeniality, and admiration which she felt with and for him, she would have fled from the pleadings of her own heart if she had had strength left to do so. Then, deathly pale and panting heavily, she took from her bosom a packet of letters written to her by Brother Ernest. If they had been the price of innocent blood, Minerva could not have cast them down with more vehemence before the ministry.

With solemn emphasis the senior eldress spoke. "Let repentance have its perfect work. Read the letters aloud. Who are they from?"

Minerva had spoken so hurriedly and incoherently that her lover's name was not yet known. With quivering lips she was forced to repeat it. A beseeching look at Eldress Orangia told her that the poor young sister prayed to be spared this ordeal of reading the letters; but not an iota of the cross could the eldress remove. She could only sadly whisper, "Nay, you *must* comply."

And the whole correspondence was read, and the answers confessed, word by word, as well as the sinning sister could remember. One letter, written in German, she begged to have burned without reading. The eldresses of course were ignorant of the language, and looked undecided.

"I will burn it here right before your eyes," entreated Minerva; and she took from a work-basket belonging to Eldress Philomel an old tinder box and flint, a precious relic once belonging to Mother Ann. With feverish haste she struck fire, and the next moment Brother Ernest's words of love were converted into the white ashes of her sacrifice. Think what a sacrifice, when there were pages of rhapsody such as this:

"My heart goes out to thee, my soul cries out to thee in yearning, passionate might! Life has become a dream! How can I think it a reality? I was once surrounded, in my fatherland, with beautiful high-born women who had no power over my heart, and here I have yielded it wholly to thee, my enchantress, nay, my pure saint!

"Oh, how vainly I strive against my passion. Love at its wildest was never so untamed as the love of my undisciplined heart; and yet it is pure, for I would not touch the hem of thy garment, nor raise mine eyes to meet the heavenly-pure brightness of thine, unbidden by thee." Pages and pages like this, written by a Shaker brother to a Shaker sister, in Wisdom's valley! Truly the "natural affections" were a hydra-headed monster in that afflicted vale about those times.—"*Fifteen Years a Shakeress*," *in The Galaxy.*

☞ In the advertisement of a farm now for sale in Farmington, Ct., a remarkable fact is stated, viz., that no deed was ever given for a portion of the land, it having remained in the same family for 232 years. The possession has been continuous from the original purchase of the Indians.

RUNNING THE HEELS OF SHOES OVER.

Most persons assume that when one runs his boots or shoes over, he has crooked feet; which is exceedingly erroneous. The difficulty is not in the form of one's feet, but in the incorrect shape of the lasts over which the boots or shoes were made. A writer in an exchange states that a curious observer has discovered that men and boys invariably run the heels of their boots and shoes over outwardly, while women and girls always run theirs over inwardly. Out of one hundred and forty-seven men and boys that passed the observer at a given point, this fact was true in every instance; and out of sixty-seven women that passed, it was true in every instance but one.

The foregoing observation proves nothing except that the boots and shoes of men and boys are made over lasts more crooked than their feet; hence they run their boots and shoes over outwardly. On the contrary, the shoes for females were not made as crooked as the soles should be; hence they ran their shoes over inwardly. Every person should procure a pair of lasts of the same form as his or her feet; and, if their boots or shoes be made over this, the heels will not run over either outwardly or inwardly.

If one has a pair of lasts which do not correspond exactly with the form of his feet, stand with one foot on a piece of paper, and mark around the most prominent parts; after which, let the shoemaker fasten a piece or two of thick sole leather to either side of the heel or to any other part, as the form of the last may require. When a person wears off the inside of the forward part of his shoes or boots more than the outside, the last should have a thick piece of leather pegged to the inside, while a portion of the wood on the opposite side should be shaved off. By giving the lasts more conformity to the shape of the feet, boots will sit more agreeably, and the soles will wear evenly.

☞ An American doctor at Marseilles is making a fortune by "wonderful cures." He gives nothing to his patients but pure water, which he magnetizes by a few passes of his hand; and it is said to be a curious sight to witness hundreds of persons of all conditions waiting their turn at his door, each with a pitcher or decanter of water. The number who call daily is estimated at an average of 900.

☞ A play has just been produced at a theatre in Genoa in which the letter "r" does not once occur.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

Wonderful Invention.

Webster's Patent Button-Hole Worker.

Patented June 27th, 1871. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. They give universal satisfaction. Agents wanted everywhere. Sells at sight. Over 100 per cent. profit. Simple B. H. Worker and B. H. Cutter, with novel way of canvassing mailed promptly to any address on receipt of 65 cts. Address A. W. WEBSTER & CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Conn. mar23-4t

AN UNKNOWN ART OF ANGLING Fish, sent on receipt of 25 cts., by J. J. RELGIS, Harrisville, Ritchie county, W. Va. 1t

SEEDS OF THE GIANT WATERMELON sent by mail for 30 cents per package; large package 50 cents. N. WYETH, Box 653, Oberlin, Ohio. mar23-3t

VINEGAR BITTERS.—Send 50 cents for Original Recipe, to DR. L. S. THOMAS, P. O. Box 151, Augusta, Maine. mar23-2t

CURLS!

One Package of PROF. LEOS' MAGIC COMPOUND will instantly Curl the straightest hair of either sex (without injury) into wavy ringlets or heavy, massive Curls in every case, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cents. Address E. HOLBROOK, Uxbridge, Mass. mar16-4t

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-52t

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

A Boarding Seminary for ladies and gentlemen. To prepare for College, for Business or for Life. Fifteen teachers. Five courses of study, or students can choose those studies they most need. Spring term begins March 16th. $60 pays for 13 weeks' board, furnished room, fuel, washing, and Common English Branches.

☞ *Give us a trial.* Address for Catalogue.

JOSEPH E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, N. Y. feb10-8t

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by Ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. In removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Moth Patches, etc., its effects are almost magical. Like all other of DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility.

Prepared by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond St., New York; to be had Wholesale and Retail of EVANS, 41 S. Eighth St.; JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St., and leading Druggists in Philadelphia; of TOMPKINS, LILY & CO., Baltimore, and Druggists generally. oct1-1y

R. DOLLARD,

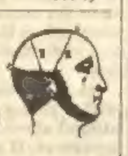
513 CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

Premier Artiste

IN

HAIR.



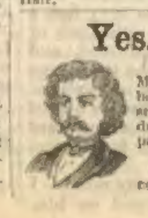
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

Yes, It Is True!



One package of PROF. HALL'S MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post paid: three for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. ☞ Beware of parties offering a compound at the same price. march2-cow4t

Agents! Agents! Agents!

We will pay $40 per week in Cash, and expenses, to good agents who will engage with us at once. Everything furnished. Address F. A. ELLIS & CO., Charlotte, Mich. march2-4t

300,000 ACRES Fruit, Farming, Mineral and Grazing Lands, with valuable Mills, Water Powers and Town Property, in the beautiful Valley of Va. For sale by J. M. BUCK, Real Estate Agent, Front Royal, Va. Send for circular. mar9-6t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A WORK DESCRIPTIVE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN ALL ITS VARIOUS PHASES.

Its splendors and wretchedness; its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens; its attractions and dangers; its rings and frauds; its leading men and politicians; its adventurers; its charities; its mysteries, and crimes.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 250 FINE ENGRAVINGS.

Send for Circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. feb3-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine. no18-52t

AGENTS LOOK! The Eureka Patent Linen Stamp and Card Printer, will outsell anything. A novelty everybody wants—convenient, useful, and uniquely beautiful. *Success Sure.*—$3 to $20 per day easily made. Any name, sent post-paid on receipt of price ($1.00). Liberal terms to agents. Send for Circulars to CHURCHILL & TEMPLETON, Manufacturers, 613 Broadway, N. Y. ap28-1y

$10 from 50 cts

12 SAMPLES sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that will sell easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N. Y. ja6-com21t

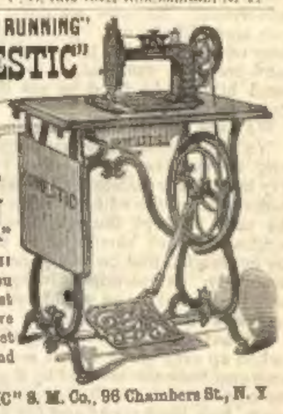
MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 1a6-52t

A NERVOUS INVALID

Has published for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervousness, Debility, &c., a treatise supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, feb3-13t Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHISKERS! One Package of the ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cents. Address J. SQUIRES, feb3-10t P. O. Box 1042, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"



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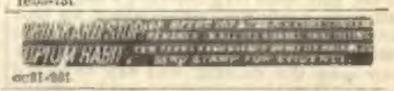
S. M. Agents: It don't pay you to fight the best machine. Prove our claims. Get the agency and sell it.

"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y feb3-13t



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INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND, REFRESHING SLEEP guaranteed by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately*, enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep.* I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 per Box, and 10 cents for postage. Ask for it at your Drug Store. CHAS. B. HURST, de23-1y Rochester, Beaver County, Pa.

30 NEW SONGS, and 20 Receipts, mailed free. feb3-13t T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J.

NEVER SAY DIE!

THOUGH YOU COUGH

Till Your Heart Aches,

When the "Life Restoring" East India Remedy is at hand. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical that DR. H. JAMES'S CANNABIS INDICA is the only thing upon record which positively cures Consumption, Asthma, Nervous Debility, and Bronchitis. Try it—prove it for yourself.

It cures night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, and wasting away of the muscles.

Price $2.50, or three bottles $6.50. Send for Circulars. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. march2-8m

STAMMERING CURED BY BATES' PATENT APPLIANCES.—For description, &c., address SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York. mar9-13t

OPIUM EATERS.—IF YOU WISH to be cured of the habit address T. E. CLARKE, M. D., Mount Vernon, Ohio. mar9-4t

RUPTURE

Cured and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliances and Instrument. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Heavy Ward Bachelor case, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ap6-1y

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Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES for AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, &c., causing nervous debility, premature decay, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. B. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. au19-1y

A BEAUTIFUL LOT of "DECALCOMANIE PICTURES," sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., with full instructions. Address, R. FOX & CO., Decalcomanie Depot, 389 Canal Street, New York City. je3-52t

WIT AND HUMOR.

DOG LOST.

[From the New York *Daily Sun.*]

"Lost, on or about the 1st inst., a powerful and ferocious black bull-dog, known as the 'Capital Dog;' fifteen hands high; had on a collar marked 'Responsible Editor;' will come when called with a 'beef-take.' Any one returning him to the back door of this office will be magnificently rewarded. Knock hard."

The above advertisement was originally intended for the usual department for such notices, but a meeting of the stockholders of this select family journal have decided to place it where it will be sure of the public eyes and attention.

Yes, gentle reader, we have lost our dog, and if that unapproachable canine is not brought back by the police, or a battalion of Company A, or something, we give notice that our type and fixtures will be for sale low. It's all very well to talk, but we've tried it, and we can't get along without the dog; that's all there is about it.

It will doubtless surprise the religious reader, but about every third person who drops in upon the editors of this, our singularly conservative and pacific sheet, inquires for the "Responsible Editor;" and has a club up his sleeve or a gun under his coat.

Now one can very soon get used to the report of a pistol and all that sort of thing. Constant practice can accustom one to the sobs of widows and the racket of a coroner's jury. It isn't so much that, but when the press has to be stopped every few hours to go to the funeral of one of the Assistant Subs, why you can't make the thing go at all. A fellow can't stand the interruption.

But, of course, after we got the dog aforesaid, everything went like clockwork. Whenever we called a prominent citizen a "low-lived liar," or a "putrefying perjurer," and the party dropped round to see about it, all we had to do was to point to the door with "Responsible Editor" on it, and then look it after the victim when he went in.

The dog was in there!

Obviously all that remained was to wait till the groans ceased, and then send the devil to shake the remains through the ash sifter, so as to save the studs and cuff buttons.

We don't want to lose that dog if we can help it. We had no end of trouble in training the animal when he was a puppy, and especially in getting him savage enough. At first we had to begin with the smallest newsboys sprinkled with gunpowder, and it was nearly eighteen months before he displayed a real, downright relish for even delinquent subscribers. And now we have it all to go over again, like as not. It's true that he ran away once before, but then he dragged off a hand-press he was chained to, and we captured him as he tried to get through the Treasury railing.

We want that dog, we do.

We shall never forget his playful ways as long as we live, never. The funny little way he had, for instance, of breaking up the desks to get at the editor's lunch. And then the time he kept the new Base-ball Editor perched on a hot stovepipe all night under the impression that he was General Dent, or somebody. It was mighty lucky the fire had nearly gone out, or he would have had to get his pants reseated anyhow.

We have kept the menagerie carefully locked up ever since, but it seems that this time our treasure escaped by digging down through the floor. We thought the charnel house had been very quiet for a day or so, but when a collecting agent, whom we had sent into the den about feeding time the other day, came out unharmed, and asked how deep the artesian well was to be, we knew at once that something had happened. The faithful animal had evidently burrowed after a rat until he had got down to the Seneca stone formation, where he couldn't turn round, and so had to keep on right through. At any rate we have kept a boy whistling at the hole for a week without effect, and have let down a shin bone with forty fathoms of line attached without the first nibble as yet.

We want that dog, we do.

FATE OF AN ASSISTANT EDITOR.

BY MAX ADELER.

Our friend Skinner was editor of the Morning Clarion, out in the western part of the state; and he had an assistant named Jones. He did not repose perfect confidence in the literary judgment of Jones; so he determined to try him. Skinner remained away from the office one day, but sent to Jones what he considered a first-class original article upon a popular topic, and signed another name than Skinner to it. The next morning he heard from Jones. Mr. Jones had perused that contribution, and had rejected it with comments. He said:

"We received yesterday an article upon 'Dress in its Relations to Morals' from a being who signs himself 'J. R.' It is well that the writer determined to hide himself beneath assumed initials—for more deplorable rot than that which he offers never besmirched a fair sheet of paper. Of all the idiotic drivel which ever went into our waste-basket this is the worst. It demonstrates that the morals of the author are such as would make a professional debauchee blush, while its sickly attempts at humor are of a kind that might make a plaster-Paris angel weep and shudder. In some communities a man like this would calmly be led out and shot. We restrain our disposition to assassinate him, and content ourselves with the declaration that he is an unpleasant combination of donkey and miscreant."

Mr. Skinner went right down to the office when he read this for the purpose of interviewing Jones, and there was a combat. Skinner whipped, and Jones was discharged; but he says he thinks more of that criticism now than he ever did.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

ALL MIXED UP.

A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed up things considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to time and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And with that stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor—and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt!"

"The dog your honor."

A WISE MAN.—A certain publisher sent to a Norristown editor the other day a new song entitled "What Shall My Love Wear?" The Norristown man regarded the question wholly in its moral aspects, and sat down and wrote a kind but firm article recommending her to wear her clothes. He said that some ladies wear a loving smile, or a look of conscious innocence, but something more than this seemed to be required by the rules of decorum which prevail in the best society in Norristown.

RECOGNIZED.

Darling, my darling, of maidens the fairest;
Mine, though thy lips never spoke unto me,
Mine, though I know not the name which thou bearest;
How can I go like a stranger from thee?
Go, when my soul to thy beauty is kneeling,
Go, when thy dark eyes to me are revealing
Passion, God-given, which spurneth concealing—
Darling, my darling!

False seems the custom which holds us apart, love;
O, could we trust to the spirit alone,
Soon would thy golden head rest on my heart, love,
Soon would my burning lips cling to thine own!
For O thou art mine by the heaven's decreeing,
Yes, thou art mine by my soul's divine seeing;
Thou could'st fulfil the deep hopes of my being,
Darling, my darling!

Day after day all expectant I've sought thee,
Somewhere I knew watched my beautiful one;
Night after night have the dream-angels brought thee
In spirit to help me and beckon me on;
Now when I've found thee at last, ne'er to doubt thee,
Now when my arms should be folded about thee,
Borne back by fate, I must go on without thee,
Darling, my darling! A. P.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 18.

THE FATE OF REDSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

In the year 18—, a party of us roving characters, got up an excitement among ourselves as to the probable interest and lucrativeness of an excursion beyond the Rocky Mountains, in quest of peltries; not only to take traps along for catching animals, but also, goods and coin for trafficking with the Indians.

We struck up by Canada, so as to secure the services of some old trapper guides, both to advise us as to the best hunting grounds, and to lead us aright through the, to us, unknown regions.

We were fortunate enough to secure the services of three veterans *coureurs des bois*—or wood-rangers, who perfectly understood the nature of the country and the best trading posts to which our spoils should be carried. One of these men was a French Canadian—the other two half-breeds.

It was a bright morning, that, according to previous arrangement, we met near an old Mission Post, and the Indians pushing their canoes into the water we began gliding up the Ottawa towards the Great Lakes.

It is not my purpose in this sketch to particularly dwell upon our enterprise, or tell the reader in actual figures our sum of loss and gain. Instead, we wish to narrate a somewhat exciting incident that occurred under our observation at that time.

At the end of six months after our expedition started, we returned with our furs to a British trading post, known as Little Huron, having taken its name, I think, from the fact that the tribes of Indians in that locality for the most part, brought their peltries into this place.

Quite a hamlet of rough buildings were grouped hereabouts. In one of the best of them dwelt the junior partner of a fur company, formed some years before by British residents of the Canadas, and with whom we dealt in the disposal of our goods.

It was high carnival time with them on our arrival, the small town being overrun with Indians, French traders, and various other classes of men who come into the posts usually once a year to sell and buy.

If the days here were lively, the nights were uproarious. Many of the settlers hereabouts, both Indian and half-breeds, at this time of the year, although sober and well-disposed previously, imbibed spiritous liquor and became convivially disposed and too often quarrelsome.

Indian games, dances and fights were the order of both day and night.

On the very outermost verge of this place, a full league from the centre of the town, and but a little way from the margin of an extensive tract of forest, stood the rude and humble habitation of an old hunter whose years had incapacitated him for further active services at his old occupations. I had visited him several times during the first week of my stay at the post, and I found him extremely intelligent for his class, mixing but little of gibberish with his conversation. I found that he lived mostly in the past; in fact, nothing but old associations held the aged trapper in the locality.

"I have a haunting fear," he said to me one day, "that I am doing wrong in remaining here, but some way I feel held in the locality by a strong power that will not let me away. She is all that I have left," pointing to his daughter, who had kindly aided her father's hospitality to strangers.

Redson, one of my companions on this expedition, had first induced me to make old Pierre's acquaintance, and I soon suspected that the dark-skinned, black-eyed girl was the especial attraction. She was of a slight, willowy figure, with much beauty of the peculiar order that characterizes the progeny of the race from which she sprang. If her eyes were a little too keen and fiery for my fancy; if her thick, unbound hair was a trifle too wild for my liking; there was no earthly reason why Redson should not have a different view of the matter. Her teeth certainly were white, her dusky cheeks glowing, her step buoyant enough even to please me.

Place her upon a horse's back, or, rather allow her to place herself there, and she could ride like a wild Camanche, and whoop to her flying horse with the perfect savage ring.

On one of my visits I found old Pierre in a strange mood; his red eyes rolled; he gesticulated with all the vehemence of the native Frenchman. His dialect became so broken that I understood the sound rather than the sense of his communication. The simple fact that he had been drinking would not explain all the strangeness of his manner.

At last I made out that he had quarrelled with a young Huron chief, whose reputation around about for prowess and vengeance was notorious, if not flattering.

It seemed that Alishaumah, the young brave, had been smitten with the charms of Pierre's pretty daughter, and on his last two visits to the post, had with the proceeds of his peltries, purchased the most elegant presents at Montreal, and laid them as offerings at her feet, and she, doubtless, tempted by vanity and coquetry, had accepted them. So all things, had progressed well enough, until Redson began making love to her, when she shrugged her shoulders, and turned away from her Indian lover.

The Huron scowled and watched her with lowering eyes, and, finally, went to her father demanding, rather than asking, her for his wife.

In the first place, Pierre had never thought of such a thing as the Indian proposed; in the next place, he was excited by a periodical attack of drunken thirst; and in the third and last place he had a terrible old grudge which he held towards the entire tribes that inhabited the lake shores. So they had a fierce wordy quarrel, half the gibberish of each the other did not understand, and Pierre was in an agony of fear lest the savage should seek some terrible mode of revenge. For days he would not allow Minette out of his sight, but as the brave came and went and appeared as usual, his alarm faded from his memory.

But the matter did not leave my mind. I feared most for Redson. I urged on him the expediency of leaving, but he replied that old Pierre was at times half insane, and had been so ever since he lost a daughter, in some tragic manner, years ago. And matters went on until the trading carnival was over, owing to all moneys and wares having changed hands.

As the season was early summer, it seemed taken for granted that a general out-door carousal should wind up the festivities. The younger portion were dancing, the elder gambling, betting, or drinking; the Indian portion in the peculiar *undress* of the savage were wrestling, leaping, dancing and going through all the demon pantomime peculiar to their kind.

Fur traders, plethoric in purse and person stood at a safe distance, amused spectators.

The whoops that went up from the Indian circles at some rare or drunken exploits of their braves, stung the nervous ear unpleasantly.

Close to where I stood looking on at the scene, a vicious little Indian pony was doing her savage best to break the leather lariat by which she was bound. I noticed the beast, because she reared so continually and struck out so fiercely with her fore-feet. While I gazed I saw a wrestler, naked to the waist, whose muscular hips were covered with scarlet cloth embroidered with beads and fringes, leap from the savage circle, and clearing twelve or more feet at a bound, swoop into a group of lookers-on, seize a woman and dash directly towards me. I drew my knife, I hardly knew for what purpose, but he swerved aside, sprang to the pony's back, snapping the thong that held her, as only an Indian could snap it, and was away towards the Ottawa. It did not seem to me that any one saw the act, or heard her shriek, or his shrill whoop, for the night was terribly full of noises on every side.

I had recognized Allshaumah, and knew who his captive was likely to be. Where was Redson? and her father? I rushed to the place where I had last seen them. I found them, and, as I suspected, the girl was missing. They were seized with consternation. Old Pierre was overpowered and sank to the earth, but Redson immediately called upon our boatmen and guides, and we rushed to the shore. The young moon allowed us to see the swarthy captor skimming the water like a gull, and as we ran distractedly to and fro, he could not resist the temptation to half arise and send a triumphant whoop of defiance back to us. Where for several days a row of canoes had been lying, now not one was to be seen. The Huron brave had sunk every one; but Indian cunning was matched by Indian cunning. Dummus, our half-breed, with a grunt, dove under water, and in a moment came up holding a canoe by the bow end. Seizing the paddle which had been slipped through the loops on the inside, he emptied out the water, and beckoning to one of the French boatmen, we embarked—they, Redson, and myself. They swept their paddles to the invariable, guttural chant, and we shot like an arrow in pursuit, but the Huron had too much the start, and, although there was but his single stroke to our double one, he had not half the burden, and his canoe was lighter. In half an hour we found that the chase would be useless, and reluctantly headed down the stream, while the exultant Huron sped up the river towards the lakes. I never saw a man so terribly excited as Redson; it was that still, fierce fire that burns into the soul and withers it like the breath of a fiery furnace.

On our return to the post, we found the greatest uproar and excitement. I hardly know how it originated, otherwise than that drunkenness was the foundation. A terrible conflict between the Indians, and the half-breeds and renegades, that the sort of trading fair had brought together, ensued. Several were killed and others wounded. A small company of soldiers, held in reserve at the post for such occasions, was called out, and a volley of musketry fired among the assailants effectually quelled the melee.

Redson hovered around the post for a few days, and then suddenly disappeared, joining, as we supposed, a party of wood-rangers, who were planning an excursion of profit perhaps, but hardly of pleasure, to some new hunting grounds of the Indians much farther north-west than we had previously trapped upon.

"Going to his death," we said to each other, as we made up our minds as to the direction which he had taken; but our own exciting life, as we again packed our mules and took the trail after Dummus and McTorris, left us but little time for thoughts of regret.

Old Pierre, on the verge of madness at the loss of his only remaining child, thought to sepulchre his grief in burning potations, and bemused his age that would not permit him to follow on a *death-trail* the hated Huron chief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VERY PLEASANT CUSTOM.—An American gentleman in Paris gave a large dinner party there a few weeks ago, and when the guests were seated at the table each guest found under his napkin a present from his host as a *souvenir*. The ladies' presents were mostly of gold—rings, bouquet holders, lockets, or fans; while those received by the gentlemen were cigar-cases, pocket-books, and various little trinkets.

THE following was recently picked up in a suburban village:—

My eyes with tears is red and dim,
'Cause he loves she and I loves him;
But they'll be better by-and-by,
When she cuts him and he loves I.

THE VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

HEAD OF SELECT ESTABLISHMENT (*artfully*)—"Miss Mary Caroline Psyche, *this* was found under your pillow.—(*Reads.*)—'I do avow that I am thine, O wilt thou be my Valentine?—From your Spooney Cousin, G.'—*Spooney* Cousin? Odious Vulgarism! What will become of you—indulging in such perilous and disreputable practices?"

MISS PSYCHE—"Please, Miss Backboard, a *spoon* is included in the list of articles required by pupils coming to this establishment."

Answers to Correspondents.

MINNIE (Parkersburg, Va.) says: "Why is there a difference in the way Zion is spelled? This evening I find in hymns, Sion and Zion. How many of Mrs. Wood's novels are issued in book form, and what are they?" These are simply different modes adopted by different authors of rendering the original word into English. Zion is most commonly used. Mrs. Wood has published numerous works; more than we have space to enumerate.

LITTLE JOHN (Poland, N. Y.) says: "I wish to know the legal rates of interest in Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Illinois? I know that in some states there is a legal rate, but the laws do not prevent a man from taking whatever rate may be agreed upon between the parties. Please give me what information you can in relation to this." The legal rate in Ohio is 6 per cent.; in Iowa, 8; in Michigan, 7; in Illinois, 6. But parties may by special agreement arrange for 10 per cent. in any of these states. Some authorities say that 8 per cent. is the legal limit in Ohio, and that in Iowa arrangements may be made for any per centage.

E. E. S. H. (Oullbon, O.) writes: You will please tell me what a critic is? Please don't laugh at my question. I am taking the Saturday Evening Post for the first time. I think it is the best family paper that I ever had." We shall certainly not laugh at you after this evidence of your good taste and judgment. You may well be excused for ignorance in regard to critics. Only those who have felt their sting have a thorough knowledge of the species. A critic is a writer who undertakes to acquaint the public with the merits or demerits of literary works. In former times they frequently confined themselves to finding fault, but modern critics have eyes also for the merits of writers.

C. M. (Philadelphia) writes: "In a late copy of The Post I noticed an inquiry about Mr. Packard's offer to educate young ladies free, and your answer seemed to indicate that you were not aware of all the circumstances regarding it. Mr. Packard is the proprietor of a business college in New York. He published, some time ago, a monthly magazine, wherein he offered to educate fifty young ladies for business, without charge. I saw a statement some time ago that he had had two hundred applications, twenty attempts, and two successes. There was also an inquiry in this week's Post about the effect of nitrate of silver on the complexion. Taken internally, in solution, it colors the skin a decided blue, which color is permanent. It is only given in extreme cases, and after acquainting the patient with the certain effect. I have known of several cases." We are obliged to our correspondent for this information, and hope it may reach the eyes of the parties questioning on these points. The figures she gives above—two hundred, twenty, and two—seem too regular in their series to be entirely reliable.

AN OLD WALLEMAN (Mystic River, Ct.,) informs us that the writer of the poetical answer in the Post of February 24th, to the poetical enigma previously published, is incorrect in a point of Natural History. He says that the whale does not suckle its young at the breast, the teats being situated near the tail; this feature being common alike to the Right and the Sperm Whale. He likewise says that the throat or swallow of a whale is about the size of that of an ox, and consequently rather a small passage for a man.

Mrs. WM. K. B. (Big Too's Ville, N. Y.,) and a great many others are desirous of knowing if the answer to be signs in question is not, "The whale that swallowed Jonah." We have already published an answer to that effect. But our correspondents must remember that it is a gratuitous assumption that the prophet was swallowed by a whale. Scripture only speaks of a large fish, and as in the voyage of Jonah towards Nineveh he could not well have sailed over whale-inhabited seas, we should naturally conclude that it was a big fish of another genus.

H. U. (Parkersville, Kansas,) says: "I am anxious to ascertain the whereabouts and the botanical name of a tree, supposed name Linetia, trunk about eight inches in diameter, having streaks of red in the wood itself, and these streaks are scented. I fancy the tree grows either in California or South America, but I do not know, and should be glad to find information about it in your correspondents' column. I enclose a sample, although a very poor one, and the only one I have." We are sorry to say that the sample sent is too slight to aid us in discovering the tree it belongs to. If our correspondent could send us a twig, a flower, or even a seed of the tree, we could probably furnish him the information desired, but can make nothing of the specimen sent. We have shown his letter and specimen to several of our best botanists, but they agree with us in saying that nothing can be made of it.

WILLS (Plainville, O.,) writes: "Please tell me the pronunciation of Inge-ow? You know—the lady whose first name is Jean. And here is a word that was proposed to a company of us the other evening—Back-he Che—how do you pronounce it? Won't you please republish Dean Swift's 'Only a Woman's Hair?' And thereby gratify several readers." It is frequently difficult to arrive at the correct pronunciation of proper names, as they often set at naught all rules, and the same name is, in many cases, pronounced in several different ways in different localities. The name of the poetess in question is pronounced In'-je-low. The other word, we suppose, is pronounced Back-ache. We never heard that Dean Swift wrote a poem so called—although the words quoted are his.

T. A. S. (Zionsville, Ind.) writes: "Being a constant reader for the last ten or twelve years, I thought I would venture to ask a few questions. First. How many different Religious denominations are there in the United States? Second. What part of them believe in baptism by immersion at a single dipping? Third. How many believe in experimental religion? Fourth. Did you get my subscription for this year? I sent it to you in January." The various religious sects in the United States number about fifty, counting in the numerous branches of some of the principal denominations. The principal branches of the Baptists believe in single immersion, except the Dunkers, who are said to dip three times. Subscription was duly received.

J. B. H. (Newport, N. J.) says: "Why is the 13th day of February celebrated in so mysterious a manner in New Orleans and other places in the South? And why is it called Mardi Gras day? Please tell me all about it, and much oblige a constant reader." Mardi Gras, or, in English, Fat Tuesday, is the last day of the Carnival, and does not specially fall on the 13th of February, its date being fixed by the date of Ash Wednesday. It is on this day that the Carnival frolics reach their climax. It is celebrated in Paris by the butchers procession of the Boeuf Gras, or Fat Ox, whence the name probably originated. In New Orleans and other Gulf cities it is celebrated by the processions of several secret societies, who have reached an extreme pitch of grotesqueness in their dresses and characterizations.

BOBBY (Tipton, Iowa) writes: "Mr. Post Man—In your answers to correspondents you answer lots of hard questions, and some that ain't so hard; for if I was a big girl instead of a little boy, I wouldn't be big fool enough to blab out all about my courting, like some of the girls do: just as if they didn't know whether they wanted a fellow without asking you about it. But I want to ask you a question that amounts to something, and I want you to answer me in your answers in the Post, if you can, and of course you can. This is the question I want answered. What makes the little grains of pop-corn bust up, and turn t'other side out, and get sixteen times as big as they were before, when you put them in the corn popper, and put it on a hot stove?" Why could not Bobby pop his little question without such a cruel fling at our lovers? Will until he arrives at years of maturity and gets a soul above pop-corn; we expect then to have to lead him through the whole process of love-making, from the first warm glance of awakened affection, to the thrilling denouement. But we must grapple with the great scientific problem which Bobby sets us. What makes the pop-corn swell and burst? Precisely what makes many a man swell beyond his natural dimensions; simply, gas. The heat evolves some form of gas within the grain of corn, and this gas, like steam in a boiler, finds itself at length in too close quarters, and tears its way out, rending the close grained corn asunder in doing so. The longer it resists the more violently it is torn open, and the larger the resulting noise.

WM. M. R. (Newport, N. J.) writes: "Being twenty-four years of age, would you marry before thirty? and being of dark complexion, would you marry a blonde or a brunette? And being a little on the sporting list, would it be best to marry a lively or dull girl?" This correspondent desires us to rectify all mistakes, and we will rectify a mistake he has made by suppressing his fourth question. Nor is there any occasion for our answering the third, when the fourth plainly indicates that his taste turns strongly towards the lively girls. Otherwise we would have advised him to correct his sportive disposition by a touch of feminine dullness. He had better marry at once if he can find anybody suitable and willing to have him, and marry a blonde, unless a brunette is more to his taste.

MILDRED (Camden, N. J.) writes: "May I add myself to your list of tormentors with a few questions? 1st. Who is the Literary critic of the New York Tribune? 2d. With what paper is Wm. Cullen Bryant connected? 3d. Can you inform me if Auber Forestier, translator of that fascinating book, "Sphynx," and author of so many excellent Tales and Sketches, is at present a resident of your city? Also, does this name belong to a man or a woman? The style is decidedly that of a man, yet some one told me that this writer is a woman. 4th. Is it true that no residents of Philadelphia are admitted to the State House steeple without passes? If so, where can passes be obtained? 5th. How long a period of time would be requisite to learn telegraphing well enough to obtain a good paying position? 6th. Can you give me the address of Mrs. S. J. Hale?" 1st. We do not know. 2d. With the New York Evening Post. 3d. A lady, and resides in this city. 4th. It is true, but there is no difficulty in procuring tickets. They may be obtained in the State House. 5th. It depends greatly on the person. It would take at least a year to become proficient. 6th. Address, care of L. A. Godey, 913 and Chestnut sts.

MME. S. D. (St. Mary, La.) says: "Please let me know if Gustave Aimard is a French author, and if Stronghand and others are not translated from the French. As I have been offered to translate these stories into French, I would like to know." Aimard is a French author. His works have been already translated into English, and you would hardly find it profitable to retranslate them into the original tongue.

A. W. S. (Griffin, Iowa) writes: "Please inform me what Nitro-glycerine is composed of, and how long it has been in use." It is formed by dissolving glycerine in equal parts of the strongest nitric and sulphuric acids, which have been previously cooled. The solution is poured in a thin stream into a large volume of water. The Nitro-glycerine is precipitated as a colorless, heavy oil. It first became an article of commercial value about 1864, but had been known for nearly twenty years before, being originally discovered by Dr. Sobrero, of Turin.

MRS. S. S., writes: "If you will publish Alice Carey's poem "An Order for a Picture," we will be glad to preserve it with so many other beautiful poems we find in your paper, and you will greatly oblige an old subscriber." We have no copy on hand of the poem mentioned. If our correspondent will send us a copy we may find room for it.

NEW SUBSCRIBER (Springboro, O.) says: "I wish to submit a question to you for an answer. Has a Postmaster a legal or moral right to say publicly, or to disinterested parties, that a certain lady and gentleman are corresponding? Please give me your views." He has no right, either legal or moral, to do so—and you have every right to call him to account for it. It is an essential part of a Postmaster's duty to keep secret the business of his office. We should advise you to caution him about the matter; and if this has no effect, to write to the Postmaster-General at Washington, and inform him of the circumstance, requesting him to see that it is put an end to.

BLACK DIAMOND (Pottsville, Pa.,) writes: "Will the Post give me a little information in regard to the use of coal? I understand that a commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the British coal fields. Can you furnish me with an epitome of their report? How long have the English coal mines been in operation, what is their product, how deep can they be profitably worked, and how soon will coal mining cease to be profitable on our mother island? I hope you will give these questions your attention, and not think I am troubling you overmuch." We recollect answering similar questions not long since; but as our correspondent could not have seen this answer we will try and give him some further particulars. In regard to the working of coal mines in England, there is reason to believe that the Romans were the first miners, as coal is found in the remains of the Roman city of Uriconium. The first record of coal-mining is in 1180, referring to the grant of land to a collier by a dignitary of the church. In 1215, King John granted a charter to certain men of Newcastle to dig coal; so that for over six centuries the extreme of folly has been to "carry coals to Newcastle." The first mention of coal in the South of England is in 1228, when it was purchased at Dover for the use of the castle. In 1300 it was used in considerable quantities by the brewers and smiths of London. The total production of coal from the English mines during the three centuries preceding 1800 was 850,000,000 of tons. During the fraction of a century that has since elapsed over 4,000,000,000 tons have been mined. The commissioners, calculating that coal could not be mined at a greater depth than 4000 feet, from increased heat and other causes, and making a liberal allowance for the contents of the known and probable coal beds, conclude that if the use of coal continues to increase in its present ratio, the beds will be exhausted in about 270 years; but that if, as they think probable, the use of coal is now at its height, they will last about 1200 years. This is the most favorable view of the case. The probability is that in three or four centuries British coal will be *non est inventus*.

CLASSICAL (Rome, N. Y.,) says: "Please inform me who was Aphrodite? Was she the same person as Venus, and if so how came she to have this name? Also, why is the epithet Cyprian applied to Venus, and how did it get its modern application?" Aphrodite is the Greek Venus. The name is taken from the fabled birth of this Goddess from the foam of the sea. *Aphros* means sea-foam, *Diatethemi*, to constitute; so that Aphrodite means, made from sea-foam. Venus was nurtured on the Isle of Cyprus, whence the adjective Cyprian. As to its modern application, the fact that it was originally applied to the Goddess of Love, affords a ready clue.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of three syllables. My first is three-quarters of a ball; my second, two-thirds of tin; my third, the amount of money every man desires to possess; and my whole, the name of a distinguished British nobleman, after whom a beautiful city, noted for its fine harbor, was named. F. H. F.

A PROBLEM FOR THE BOYS.

A boy lost 2-5 of his marbles; now if he finds 50 and 2-5 of what he then has for cost price, he will receive 40 cents; but if he loses 50 and sells 2-5 of the remainder for cost price he will receive 20 cents. How many had he at first?

W. H. MORROW.

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An Answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

A and B start at opposite extremeties of the diameter of a field, whose diameter is 40 rods. A walks around the circumference, and B along the diameter at such rates that A reaches B's starting point at the same time that B reaches A's. When will they be nearest together, allowing that they make the trip in ten minutes?

Coultersville. R. H. YOUNG.

☞ An answer is requested.

QUESTION.

If a rhomb be inscribed within a rectangle so that its acute angles will touch the centre of either short side, and its obtuse angles the centre of either long side of the rectangle, what proportion will exist between the area of the entire rectangle and the area of the rhomb therein inscribed?

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a widower going to be married like Eau de Cologne? Because he is re-wiving.

When is the morning like a king? When it is raining (reigning.)

Why is it better for a man to have two losses than one? Because the first is a loss, and the second is a-gain.

When a kiss passes between the Prince of Wales and his wife what London public building does it resemble? The Royal Exchange.

VERY BAD.—Why are washerwomen busily engaged like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are so-apy. See it?

Why is a Derby winner like the sun? Because he is a race-horse (a ray source.)

ANSWERS TO LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Josephus. Jo-Jos-Joseph-Sep-Phus-(fuss-us.)

RECEIPTS.

SOFT BUTTER TOAST.—Toast nicely stale bread, and keep it hot in the oven; have ready a square shallow pan, with one pint of water, one teacup of sweet butter, heated hot without boiling; unless the butter is quite salt, a little salt should be added, though this is a matter of taste. When the breakfast is ready to dish, dip each slice into the gravy, wetting it thoroughly: pour all the gravy that is left in a gravy tureen, to serve with the toast. If poured into the dish, as is usual, the whole is taken up by the bottom slices, and the remainder is too dry. The toast should be sent to the table the last thing; and the gravy boat or tureen heated by boiling water, so as not to cool the gravy, which ought to be near but not quite boiling hot.

EGG TOAST.—Make a nice butter toast as above, with only sufficient sauce to dip the bread; have ready some scrambled eggs cooked very slightly, spread the egg on the toast, and serve while hot; if the toast stands, the eggs will harden.

CREAM TOAST.—Heat sweet cream over steam until hot, but do not allow it to boil; add a little salt, dip the toast in the cream, and send all that remains to the table in a gravy-boat. This toast is delightful when properly made; but if the cream boils or is cold, or the toast soaks or cools, it is insipid.

MILK TOAST.—Add to one quart of milk perfectly sweet, a bit of butter as large as a small egg, a little salt, and a teaspoon of flour stirred free from lumps; heat the milk, butter and flour until it boils, dip the toast, and send all the gravy left to the table in a gravy-boat. This is very good toast if well made and served hot.

MILK TOAST WITHOUT BUTTER.—Boil a quart of milk, and add to it while boiling, little by little, pork fat, letting the gravy boil a few moments each time; thicken a little with flour after the first fat has been added, and stir constantly; when the milk will not take up the fat, there is sufficient in the milk; add salt to suit the taste. It should show no drops of fat on the surface. Dip the toast and serve the gravy as directed in other toasts. When this is made properly, no person would know, unless informed, that the milk was not enriched with butter; this is excellent on baked potatoes also.

MOCK CREAM FOR COFFEE.—Heat a quart of new milk, work together a dessert-spoon of sweet butter, with a teaspoon of flour; thin it with a little of the hot milk, add the mixture to the milk, and beat it constantly for five minutes while boiling, then remove it from the fire and continue to beat it for five minutes longer, have ready beat the yolks of two fresh eggs very light, and add them to the cream while hot; mix well, strain it through a fine sieve, and afterward beat it until very light. This is even better than good cream for coffee. One of the whites can be used for settling the coffee.

—*Mrs. Haskell.*

CLEAR AND DRY STABLES.

A horse will endure severe cold weather without much inconvenience, so long as he is furnished with a dry stable. But, require him to stand on a wet and foul floor, and his health will soon begin to fail. Horses often suffer from cold feet and legs. A great many stables have damp and wet floors. Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing, and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered; and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are very severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk round, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy or comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.

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AVOID SLANG PHRASES

The use of slang phrases among people of education and social standing seems to be on the increase. We hear them in the drawing-room, from the lips of cultivated men and women, almost as frequently as on the street; but never without an involuntary loss of respect for the persons who use them. A sensible and discriminating writer referring to this subject, says: "Ladies frequently use slang phrases, with a slight pause or smile to serve as marks of quotation, or rather as an apology. But to modify a fault is not to remove it. Resolve that you will never use an incorrect, an inelegant, or a vulgar phrase or word, in any society whatever. If you are gifted with wit, you will soon find that it is easy to give far better point and force in pure English, than through any other medium, and that brilliant thoughts make the deepest impression when well worded. However great it may be, the labor is never lost which earns for you the reputation of one who habitually uses the language of a gentleman, or of a lady.